Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
DECEMBER 1993 $10.95

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Raymond Denning
Why he had to die

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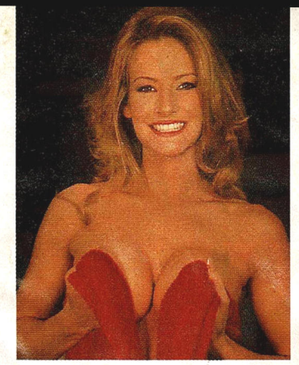

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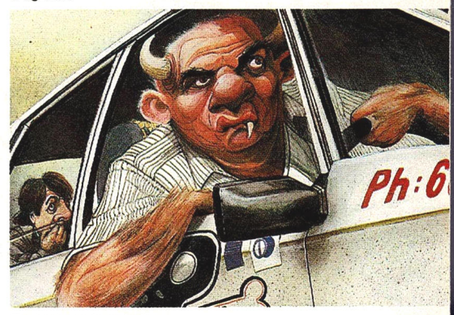
Male-order marriage

Dog's life



Taxi drivers from hell

Shoot to kill

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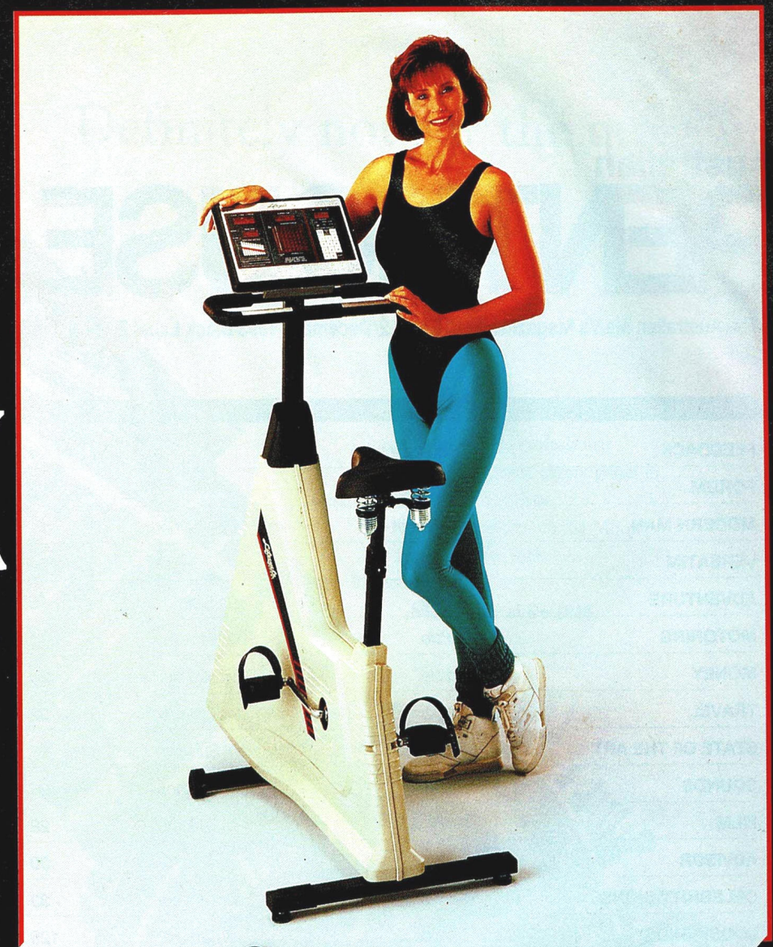

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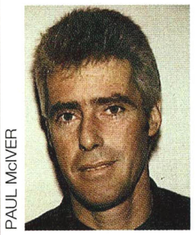
housecall

MALE-ORDER MARRIAGE

When an Australian man marries a woman from The Philippines or Vietnam or Thailand, he becomes a target for feminist bureaucrats and their claims of exploitation. But what happens when the man is exploited by his Asian bride? On page 34, Senior Editor **Mark Abernethy** looks at the Australian men who suffer at the hands of foreign brides. The illustration comes from **Cameron Singleton**, a "Melbourne illustrator finding time to be an artist." Singleton has contributed to *Business Review Weekly, Australian Women's Forum and The Sydney Morning Herald*. He is looking forward to the day he can become a full-time artist.

CAMERON SINGLETON



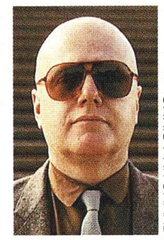
PAUL McIVER

SHOOT TO KILL

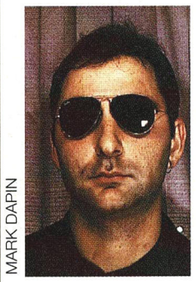
Army snipers are treated with fear and suspicion by their enemies and allies alike. They are trained to be undetectable to the naked eye and shoot people from 1000 metres. Photographer **Paul McIver** is accustomed to covering subjects involving guns and death. Over a six-month period in the late 1980s he was one of the contributing photographers on a book called *Tribute* that covered the lives of police officers across the United States. See his pictures, with the story from Senior Editor **Todd Cole**, on page 66.

LOVE HOTEL

South Africa-born journalist **Chris Pritchard** has been in and out of Asia on a regular basis since the late 1960s. Now based in Sydney, Pritchard has continued his interest in Asia with recent stories about the Living Goddess in Bhutan and the UN Peace Keeping Forces in Cambodia. On page 22, the former Cape Town radical writes about the little-known accommodation industry in Manila called the love hotels; hotels with freakish theme rooms for discreet liaisons. He has stayed with his wife in one love hotel room that featured a couple of very large and very alive eagles.



CHRIS PRITCHARD



MARK DAPIN

DOG'S LIFE

Raymond John Denning never stood a chance. The bank robber, activist-turned heroin addict and police informer was turned loose in mid-1993. He was found dead less than two months later. On page 46 Contributing Editor **Mark Dapin** investigates a man who was almost born into a life of crime and died of a heroin overdose and asks why Denning had to die. Dapin is an English journalist now based in Sydney. His recent stories for *Penthouse* have included a series on kickboxing, Viet Cong tunnels at Chu Chi and Brazilian martial arts. He is a freelance journalist who has also written for *The Sydney Morning Herald, Ita* and *Inside Sport*.

MOVIE MAN

Since August 1992 **Michael Idato** has been the *Penthouse* movie reviewer, writing under the name of Ford Buchanan. On page 28 Idato is reviewing movies as usual but this time under his real name. This month the columnist and features writer for Sydney's *The Daily Telegraph Mirror* looks at three offerings: *This Boy's Life, Hocus Pocus* and *Free Willy*. The film buff and self-confessed junk food addict has seen trillions of movies but says the second greatest flick ever to hit a screen was *The Sound Of Music*. And Idato's greatest movie of all time? *The Poseidon Adventure* "I can just sit down and watch it anytime. It's so bad it has to be good."

MICHAEL IDATO

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Southern fight

The article "Southern Lights" (*Penthouse*, September, 1993) was looked upon with some anticipation by the people of Bombala who knew it would be published. Today, as a number of the town's people read the article, a feeling of degradation, humiliation and contempt filled them as they realised that the article portrayed them as dirty, unkempt hillbillies with no pride. Well I'm here to tell you that the people of Bombala are among the most friendly, straightforward and down-to-earth people I have ever met.

The writer of this article, Mark Abernethy, seems to be obsessed with how people dress. Mark states "that the small place is packed with the *kind* of people who get their hair cut twice a year and have been wearing the same V-neck woollen jumpers for the past week." Just because people are not wearing designer clothing or their hair is a little longer than the current fashion doesn't mean that they're dirty. One can't help feeling that the person who wrote these derogatory words must have been born into an over-privileged family with a silver spoon in his mouth.

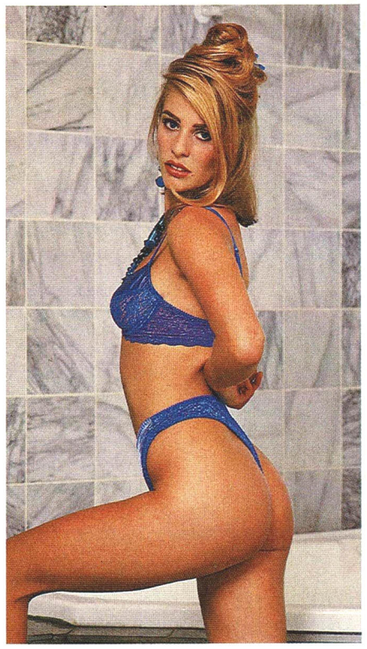
The people who wrote the article and took the pictures were welcomed by the "Bombalans" into an hospitable and friendly environment to share some yarns with down-to-earth, hardworking people who are struggling to make a living on the land. Mark Abernethy and the other people with him accepted the offers of drinks and friendliness on the night only to turn around and ridicule and scorn the friendliness they had accepted.

This was the first time The Boundary Riders performed in my hotel and it was the last.

Abernethy seems overtly shocked that someone who is notably an excellent horseperson would ride a horse down the street after a few drinks. I wonder if he is as shocked by drink drivers, child fatalities, brawls, stabbings or shootings. Bombala is made out to be a town of dirty, backward, uninformed drunks. — *P. Jenkins (Ms), Proprietor, Globe Hotel, Bombala, NSW*

Mark Abernethy says he enjoyed his evening in Bombala. If there is a feeling of humiliation in Bombala, that is regrettable since we believe the tone of the article is affectionate toward your town; it certainly doesn't paint Bombala as "a town of dirty, backward, uninformed drunks" as you claim. As for the horse-riding episode, I'm sure you'd agree that a Sydney journalist would have a different attitude to drunken horseback riding than a country person and from the positive feedback we have received, it is obvious that this contrast is part of the story's charm.

If we were attempting to belittle Bombalans on the basis of their horse tricks, we would have published our photographs of the rider at the door of the pub. Please read again with this in mind. — Ed.



Tanya Hyde — a heart stopper!

Class act

Full credit goes to you guys and gals at *Penthouse* for publishing such high-quality material. After seeing Tanya Hyde in your September issue I had a cardiac arrest. This girl is an angel sent from God. She'll get my vote come Pet Of The Year. — *L. Manev, Waratah, NSW*

Sexual harassment

We are the victims of gender cleansing — the two male library officers referred to in Mark Abernethy's informed and well-researched expose of gender-based sex discrimination by women (September *Penthouse*).

Our removal followed similar bad treatment experienced by a former male colleague who was forced to resign. His claim of gender and physical disability discrimination is being investigated by the Anti-Discrimination Board of NSW.

Many good workers lose their jobs as a result of the power abuse of their superiors. Although males have been getting a caning over discrimination, it is not beyond the realm of credibility for bullybelles or racist feminists to wreak retribution and vengeance against innocent males.

The plight of all victims of discrimination should be revealed and examined to ensure that rules of fairness and equality will prevail. Without anti-discrimination laws and Anti-Discrimination Boards, Australian society would move backward.

In our case there were a number of ingredients: 1) feminist ideology gone mad; 2) bungling bureaucrats within a local council; 3) prior allegiances and relationships combined with misguided loyalties; 4) council inability to take any action against the perpetrators of the discrimination and victimisation; 5) female union representatives who supported and collaborated with the library women bosses; 6) the monitoring of men only.

It was all too much for the Council Administrators — they took the easy way out and sacked *us*!

The damage and legal costs to Kogarah Council, to us and our families has been enormous. However, if we don't make a stand, who will?

Abernethy's insight confirms *Australian Penthouse* as a quality journal with a conscience and integrity in dealing with important social issues.

The psycho-social implications of this lesser known aspect of discrimination is worthy of closer sociological study. When women instigate a reign of terror in the workplace, against male workers, do they stop to think about the wives and the daughters of these males who will also face the prospect of the dole queue? Or is the feminist agenda a bloody-minded witch hunt?

So, come on guys, Aussies should be true blue ... even if it takes a true blue ex-Kiwi like Mark Abernethy to confront the issue head-on and point us in the right direction. — *John Edwards and Albert Gestal, former Kogarah Municipal Library employees, Hurstville, NSW*

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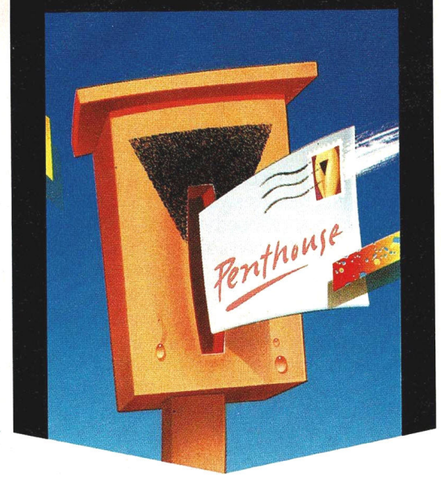

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Skiing lesson

In my final year of uni I believed — like most girls that age — I'd tried every sexual experience I was ever going to try. I was proved wrong by two young men I met skiing. My education happened when my best friend and classmate, Tracey, and I went to the snow fields for the weekend.

Finances being short, we had answered an advertisement in a skiing magazine which offered share accommodation in a four-bunk cabin which was close to the snow fields. The deal sounded too good to be true.

It turned out that Tracey and I were sharing with two guys from a Triathlon Club from Sydney. They had booked the place and had decided to cut costs by filling the last two beds. Tracey and I could hardly believe our eyes when we met these guys — they were both gorgeous!

They gave us an equally approving look-over and introduced themselves as Tony and Lance, then helped us get our gear stacked away.

After the first day's skiing we decided to stay in and watch videos with the boys. After viewing a few different tapes, Lance slipped on a soft porn tape. Initially I felt a bit uncomfortable, but after a while we all relaxed and began making jokes, laughing and trying to enjoy it.

"This sort of thing doesn't turn you off?" Lance asked, rewinding the tape back to the last climax scene. We watched it again, even closer this time and I felt no revulsion, only increasing arousal. "No," I answered, "not necessarily."

I turned the question back to Lance. He was sitting next to me and his cock was quickly getting bigger. Lance looked at me for a long time then answered, "No, it makes me as hot as hell."

The mood changed at that moment. No longer was it giggles, jibes and innuendo. Things became serious. No-one spoke as Lance, slightly nervously, placed his hand on my shoulder and, still holding my gaze, moved it slowly down to my right breast. I gulped visibly, my whole body trembling as he cupped my breast in one large, warm hand. "Does it make you hot too?" he asked, squeezing my breast and moving closer. I nodded a slow seductive "yes".

By now his cock was straining to get out of his jeans. Lance dropped his hand from my breast and unzipped his fly. A very stiff banana cock sprang out. I just stared at it. Lance took my hand and placed it on his prick. Without thinking I wrapped my fingers around it and started to slide my hand up and down the warm shaft. I was fascinated by his size and feel.

I was brought back to reality by a loud cry from Tracey who was watching me with unbelieving eyes. I shrugged apologetically at her as I continued to stroke Lance's prick.

My head curved down and my mouth opened to take his magnificent tool as deep as I could. After about 20 beautiful, deep, long, wet sucks, Lance groaned. Ever so slowly, I increased the pace on Lance's delicious cock, sensing that he was close to coming — very close. My tiny little hand slowly pumped up and down the shaft, getting faster and faster with each swallow. I sucked him hard enough to make my jaw hurt, increasing the pace of my hand to a near blur, until he jerked in a wild spasm and roared. His semen filled my mouth, boiling and bubbling its way down my throat in a frothing explosion. I swallowed the first gulp hungrily then withdrew his cock from my mouth and wrapped the spasming animal in my fine, long brown hair. I knew this would drive him wild.

When I looked up, I saw Tracey sitting on the bed. She was still dressed and softly kissing Tony. They were doing little else. Tracey is really self-conscious about sex. I stood up and took off my underpants from under my dress. Lance, who was falling back to earth, watched me completely bemused. I got down on all fours and pointed my arse at Tony as I started to suck on Lance's dick again. I reached behind and hiked my skirt up over my arse, showing Tony my pussy.

As soon as Tony saw it, he forgot about Tracey and got down behind me. He didn't even take his clothes off. He just unzipped himself, spat on his cock and slid it in. After ten deep thrusts I started to get wet. "Fuck me Tony," I whispered.

Here I was — a cock in my mouth and in my cunt. I felt a little "slutty" but, fuck it, I'm a feminist. I can do what I want.

Lance had become hard again as I gave him a revitalising cock suck from hell. Both of the boys increased their pace.

Awkwardly and slowly, Tracey crawled over to the action. She was right beside me, watching me fellate a man. Having Tracey, my girlfriend from kindergarten, so close was a blow-out. But, God, I found it exciting.

I pointed Lance's cock toward Tracey who looked at it for a while then slowly brought her head down to swallow it. Lance groaned as I pumped his cock while Tracey sucked it.

This scene must have sent some hormones coursing through Tony's veins, because he whispered something like, "They're both doing it" and began thrusting into me faster and faster.

"Kiss her," Lance suddenly said to me. Tracey and I looked at each other for a moment, the nervousness obvious. We had known each other since we were kids and had seen each other naked more times than we can remember, but had never expressed any form of sexual

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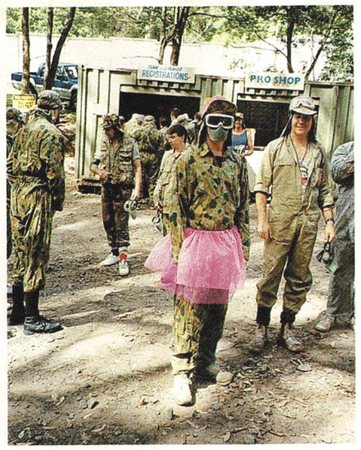

Can you spot me?

It certainly wasn't your traditional type of send-off. We started out on the bus at 7.00 in the morning and headed straight for the unknown.

No-one was telling me anything - apart from "wear track suit pants and sensible shoes" (sensible for what?).

There we were, twenty of us, all packed onto this bus, complete with eskies filled with "liquid refreshments" - which I was told were off limits until later!

We rounded the corner and all was revealed - we were off on the ultimate Skirmish Adventure! The minute we got on the bus, we were kitted up (my outfit was a little different) and run through the introduction and safety talk.

Then it was straight onto the paintball fields for what turned out to be the best day of my life. (oops - sorry honey - the second best day of my life) What a way to say goodbye to single life!

After a full day's play, (and a heart lunch) we were packed up and in the bus with a cleansing ale and a few million stories under our belts.

I'd certainly recommend a Skirmish Adventures Buck's Party to all you prospective grooms
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forum

interest in each other.

I leaned down, my heart pounding wildly, and touched Tracey's lips with my own. The kiss was tentative at first, then increasing in boldness as it grew in lust. Pretty soon we were kissing passionately, yet still with a feminine tenderness.

"Oh jesus," yelled Lance by way of warning of his imminent orgasm. A jet of sperm leapt through the air and layered down upon my cheek. Another shot fired up onto Tracey's swollen lips and nose.

Anthony grabbed my hips and frantically thrust his penis into my cunt. With a long deep exhalation he came inside me. I flopped down on the floor and tried to recover. Although I didn't come, I really enjoyed the sensuality of the experience.

After a minute we all got dressed. It was really awkward after that. No-one said anything about it for the rest of the trip. But I had to tell somebody. So I'm telling you. — *S.K, address withheld*

Cram session

I am a student at a large university, a place where the girls and the sex are predominantly conservative. Luckily I saw the steamier side last night.

I was studying alone in the library "stacks", a hideaway known for its seclusion. After many hours at the books I decided to head home. As I began to load up my stuff, a soft, gentle voice aroused my attention. Turning around to match the voice with the face, I was surprised. Standing less than two feet away was a vision. The first thing I noticed was her hair — dark-brown and cropped short. She had the body of an athlete. Her miniskirt revealed toned and tanned legs, and her tight shirt accentuated her large firm breasts.

"Can you help me? I'm too short to reach the top shelf," she whispered softly. We were all alone, far away from people and distractions and because I was much taller, and a sucker for a pretty face, I obliged.

As she led me deeper into the dark corridors of the library, I got more and more excited. Finally, she pointed to a large, anonymous-looking book high on the shelf. "That's the one," she cooed. With her tight arse rubbing me, I reached up to grab the book. My hand found it, and the rest of my body found hers. Gently rubbing against her, I handed her the book. "Thank you," she said.

With that her hand found my cock, still rock-hard from staring at her delicious body. With the skill of a surgeon, her nimble fingers graciously freed my snatch axe from its denim restraints. She removed my jeans and guided me closer.

Now, I've never been much of a fashion critic, but I knew the practicality of a mini skirt. Armed with this knowledge, I reached under it and found heaven. Apparently she wasn't a fashion critic either, as she had forgotten to wear underwear. She quickly led me to a small table at the end of the aisle, and then I took over. Although she had the face of an angel, her sexual appetite was less than divine. With her firm buttocks supporting her spread legs, I manoeuvred my cock into pussy. Her cunt was flowing like the Nile, and I entered her blissfully. The table rocked as we moved, and soon the pressure was too great. When her nails dug deep into my back, I dug deeper into her. As we gunned towards a climax, her moans, which had been stilted before, could no longer be contained. Finally, the dams burst. With a warrior-like shriek, I shot my nectar deep into her honeypot.

By that time I felt like half the library was coming to investigate, so we quickly recovered. Before we departed she pulled me closer and asked, "Same time next Thursday?" Being an academically minded student, my only response was an enthusiastic "Yes!" I knew there was still plenty of "study" left to do. — *Name and address withheld*

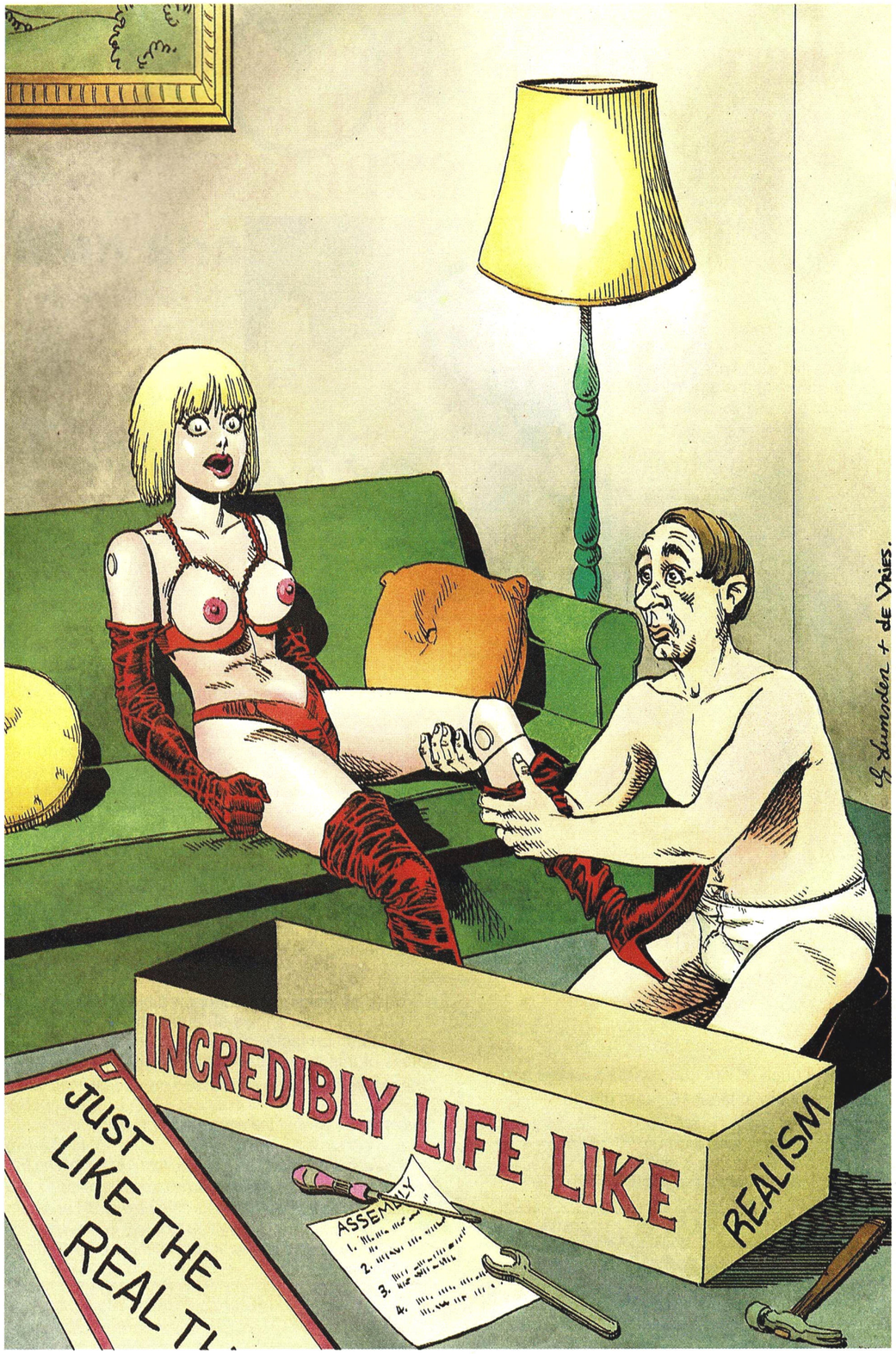
Working the boss

I recently started a new job, cutting hair in a full-service salon. I was glad I was the only male hairstylist in the crew of eight. The salon was great — my new boss was a middle-aged woman. She was very businesslike, but had a great figure. She told me during the initial interview that I would not be treated any differently because I was a guy.

One morning, after about a week on the job, I arrived early and decided to try out the toning machines, just in case any customers asked how they work. These machines do the exercise — you don't even have to move a muscle. They push, jiggle, and lift all the parts of your body. I decided to try the back machine that gets rid of the spare tyre by rubbing your lower back up and down. It was still an hour before opening, so I decided to remove my shirt and dress pants so they wouldn't be wrinkled, leaving on my boxers and T-shirt.

I locked the salon door and turned on the machine. It sounded pretty noisy without the usual background noise of the radio and a salon full of customers. I lay down on the table, placing my back on the moving pad. It was heaven — just like a firm pair of hands working me, except I wouldn't have to reciprocate. I could feel my spine relaxing and starting to move with the pad. I was also starting to get a terrific hard-on. Maybe it was because of the vibrations from the big machine, but whatever the cause, my cock was standing at attention, wanting to know why he was wakened so early.

Continued on page 118



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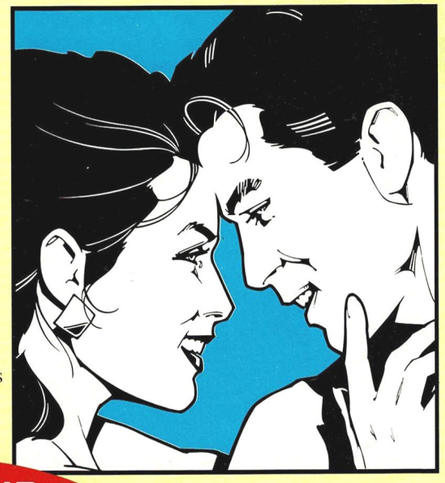

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Address: _____

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"A lady (about 45 years) said to me, that just by talking to me stimulated her to an extent that was unexplainable" *NSW*

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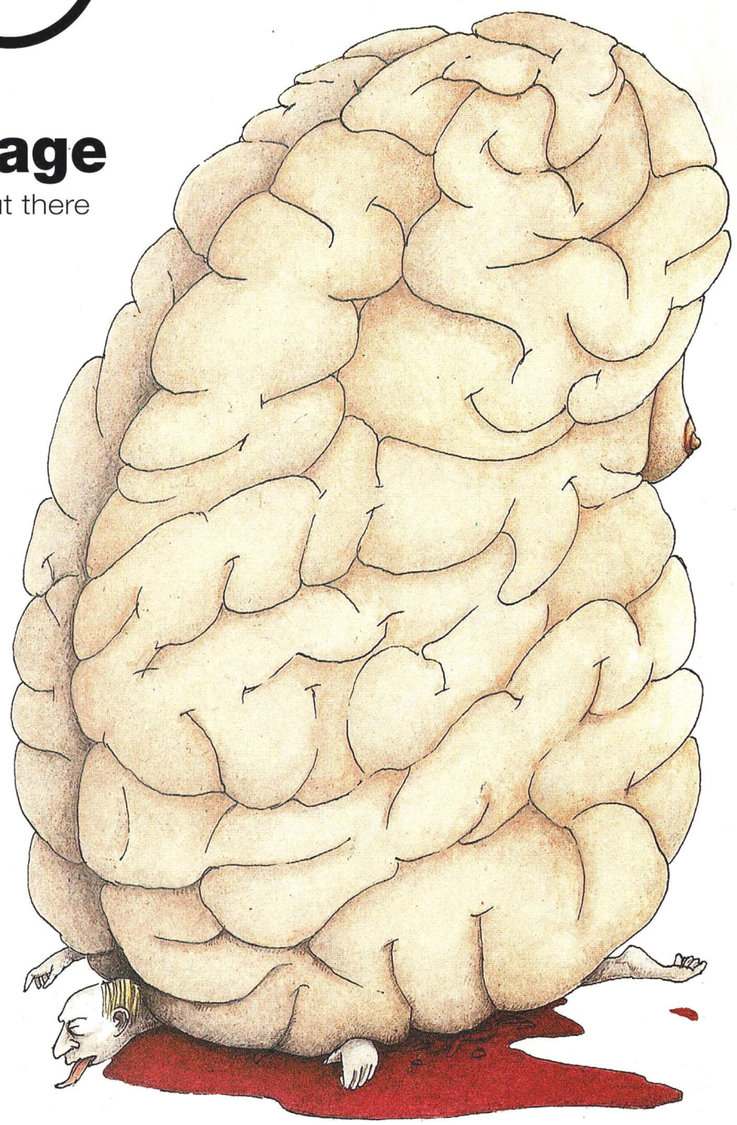
FRONT

Man shortage

There's no good men out there



There is so much mental illness in the Nineties that Mogadon, gin and three gallons of Vasopressin is often not enough to beat its fingers off the railing.

It's going crazy out there. There's the black woman magistrate who won't punish vandalism because she claims white, male property laws are at fault. There's a government that would rather raise the Modern Man's tax burden than stop departmental corruption. There's the anti-porn campaigner who is

These women are moral weaklings who blame men for their own shortcomings

charged with the seduction of children, and the Church that takes out insurance against law suits rather than firing its paedophile priests.

As if this wasn't enough, an ugly and destructive female brain malaise called the "Man Shortage" has risen to a proportion that can no longer be ignored by sane men.

Man Shortage-ism involves groups of unhappy females sitting around coffee houses and cocktail bars and loudly squawking that, "there's no good men out there." One then has to over-hear catalogues of men who were too hairy, too poor, too un-hip, too blonde and too hard to tame while the fellow Man Shortage-ists say "I knowww".

These are usually plain, boring women who think sex is something Freud invented, and who absolutely believe that feminism is a guarantee that a woman wears the pants *and* the glass slipper. They are also moral weaklings who blame men for their own shortcomings with I'm-not-responsible slogans such as "every good man is either married or gay."

But fear not; adversity is just Nature's way of telling you to change your underwear. And in the interests of male mental health, the Modern Man desk this month presents a selection of Man Shortage-ists and answers the question on the lips of too many Nineties men: what *do* these women want?

***Cleo* Fantasy Woman:** fantasy is so powerful because it's not real. *Cleo* Fantasy Woman doesn't

Illustration by Drahos Zak

Man shortage

understand this. She wants a man who's too good to be true. She wants Mister Right. Mr Rights are everywhere. They're those dime-a-dozen blokes who are fresh and boyish yet worldly and knowing; they have all the sexual experience of ten Lotharios but no emotional baggage; they are stinking rich mega-yuppies with capped teeth who do charity work and are great with animals and children. For some reason, *Cleo* Fantasy Woman wants a man with lovely matching Country Road cotton sheets and interesting curtains and perhaps some nice little exotic floor rugs in the den. She wants a man who can order macchiato without sounding like a poofter or a prole.

Dumping excuse: "my friends said he wouldn't marry me."

Feminist: she doesn't know what she really wants which is why she needs a moonie cult like feminism to think for her. She wants a "partner" rather than a boyfriend or husband. This doesn't mean she wants to do the Gay Gordon all night. What it does mean is that she wants total equality in household chores but no equality when it comes to changing lightbulbs or going to the shop in the rain. You cannot watch *Baywatch, The Benny Hill Show, Chances, Mike Hammer* or anything that contains the words "sport", "football", "girls" or "sex". You must abandon your manhood but you will be required to eject dead mice, live cockroaches and your friends from the house.

Dumping excuse: "he wanted a mother."

Career Plan Woman: she is the Lady Macbeth of the mating game. Life to her is a series of five year plans that can only be aided, not joined, by men. She wants a man who can help make her richer and more powerful. Career Plan Woman doesn't like tradesmen, poor men or men who don't realise how important she really is. Her expectations of men fluctuate but the one constant is that the next one must always be richer than the one before.

Dumping excuse: "he was threatened by my success."

Poetry Woman: she expects sex to actually *mean* something. She wants you to mean something to her. She expects you to know what she means when she sulks all weekend. She wants everything to mean something. Everything except "no" when a bloke says he doesn't want to hear her poems.

Dumping excuse: "he's too shallow."

Sugar Daughter: she wants a sugar daddy. She wants a man who will scold her so she can pout like a little girl and push her bosom out like a woman. She wants a man who gushingly responds every time she sulks — a man who will scrub the bath, clean the oven, cut the hedge, take the rubbish to the dump and paint the roof before he gets his weekly blowjob. Sugar Daughter wants presents. Lots and lots of tacit little love reminders from stores that do gift exchange. She wants a John who doesn't treat her like a whore.

Dumping excuse: "the cheque bounced."

But the news isn't all bad from the Modern Man desk. Not all women think the best blokes are gay husbands and a man will always be in greater demand than a spaniel. — *Mark Abernethy*

"Is Sonny in some sort of trouble Skip?"

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FRONT

Steady Eddy

Twisted stand-up comic

Julia Roberts and Bundy and Coke in the Waldorf Astoria hotel in New York.

What really pisses you off?
Male nurses on sponge bath duty.
What's your favourite saying?
Shit happens. It's a good one for me because there's not many syllables to deal with.
What was the last book you read?
The Kama Sutra.
Who do you admire in your own field?
John Hewson, he's got impeccable timing, the way he introduced the idea of GST before the election.
What do you use for transport?
A skateboard.
Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?
In a hospital, which would account for my urges to have daily sponge baths.
What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?
Anything by Julio Iglesias.
If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?
I would limit access for able-bodied people — cop a bit of your own medicine.
What's your favourite drink?
OP Bundy and Coke.
What makes you proud?
An empty bottle of OP Bundy.
Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?
Haskell Daniel (23 stone Jewish comedian).
Are there any vices you want to adopt?
You mean I've missed some out? Damn! I thought I had them all.
What do you sing in the shower?
"Stand By Me" — less of a song, more of a cry for help really.
Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
To be in a Penthouse Couples pictorial. But alas, my manager thinks it might adversely effect my wholesome family image. Huhh.
Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
Julia Roberts and Bundy and Coke in the Waldorf Astoria hotel in New York.
What movie character would you most like to be?
The Terminator.
What is decadence?
What is this, an interview or Sale of the Century?
What is your worst vice?
Leaving dirty underwear in hotel rooms around Australia, which wouldn't be much of a vice except it's usually not my underwear!
What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?
Derryn Hinch.
How do you relax?
I throw stubbies at the TV.
What makes you embarrassed?
Dribbling on my date.
When do you lie to people?
When I talk about what I use for transport.
What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?
Basketball, because I already know how to dribble.
Do you regret anything?
Doing a show in Hobart with my fly down and not a single offer.
Have you any phobias?
Yes, one day I fear I'm gonna wake up normal and have no act.
How would you describe yourself?
6'4", blue eyes and bent.
What gets you down?
Derryn Hinch.
Where do you want to be ten years from now?
Managing Director of Bundaberg Rum.
What's your greatest handicap?
People assuming that I've got one.
If you were a power tool, what would you be and why?
A drill. Just because, don't ask why. I've just always wanted to be a drill ever since I was a kid.
What do you want to be buried with?
Julia Roberts.
If you could be any star sign, what would you be and why?
A Libran, because their symbol is a set of scales and they're supposed to be perfectly balanced.
At school, what did your peers think would become of you?
A psychopath.
What's your idea of kinky sex?
Making love on a tombstone (whoops, there goes the family image).

Photo by Geoff Howden

We've had more mud slung at us...

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SHOGUN

The big blue

Cave diving is an eerie experience

It feels like all the locals in Mount Gambier, South Australia know something you don't. They watch you, smile nervously, ask if you're here to dive "the holes" then quickly change the subject and look away. It's the deep south down here and Mount Gambier has a sinister past.

Between 1969 and 1973, 11 divers died in "the holes" situated around Mount Gambier. In May 1973, less than eight months after three divers died at a nearby site known as Death Cave, four divers died in a cave known as the "Shaft". It was, at the time, the worst single diving accident in the world.

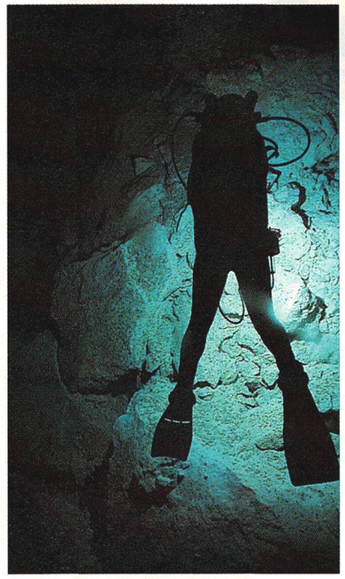
But times have changed and the reasons for the accidents have been addressed.

"Lack... of... training," Chris Brown hammers out, stressing each syllable for effect. Brown is the Chief Instructor of the Cave Diving Association of Australia (CDAA) which was born after the government of the day banned cave diving until the sport could be administered safely. "The common denominator for each accident," continues Brown, "was the lack of training. You can have plenty of diving experience (two of the people who died in the Shaft were diving instructors), but caves are very different. It's essential to have specialist cave training so you'll know what to do when things get weird."

Weird is a good word for cave diving. The caves, like the Shaft, are places from another world. Azure-blue water, clearer than air, fills tortured limestone crevices that twist and twine like veins from caverns the size of football fields.

Down at the Shaft, divers are lowered into the hole with that same nervous smile the locals had in town. Equipment follows them down into the earth like an offering to the pagan god. Then after a splash, it goes very quiet.

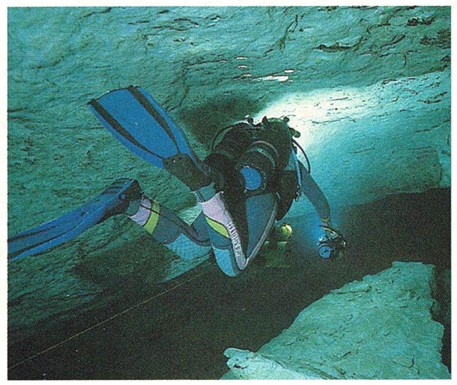
"Being in the caves is an adrenalin rush. It's caving in three dimensions," explains Neil Vincent, the NSW representative of the CDAA. "In some places the light plays on the walls with a happy, playful effect. In others it's..." Vincent pauses for an abnormally long time. "It can be very eerie sometimes."



The character of a cave can change in a single breath. The water in the caves is so clear because small particles of limestone collect the grit in the water and fall to the cave floor. If the particles on the floor are disturbed, by a diver's fin say, then the water rapidly turns as black as death.

"It's pitch. You can't see a single thing, nothing, zero, zip — not even your hand if you press it hard against your face mask. It's completely black. And you're underground and underwater,"

The character of a cave can change in a breath

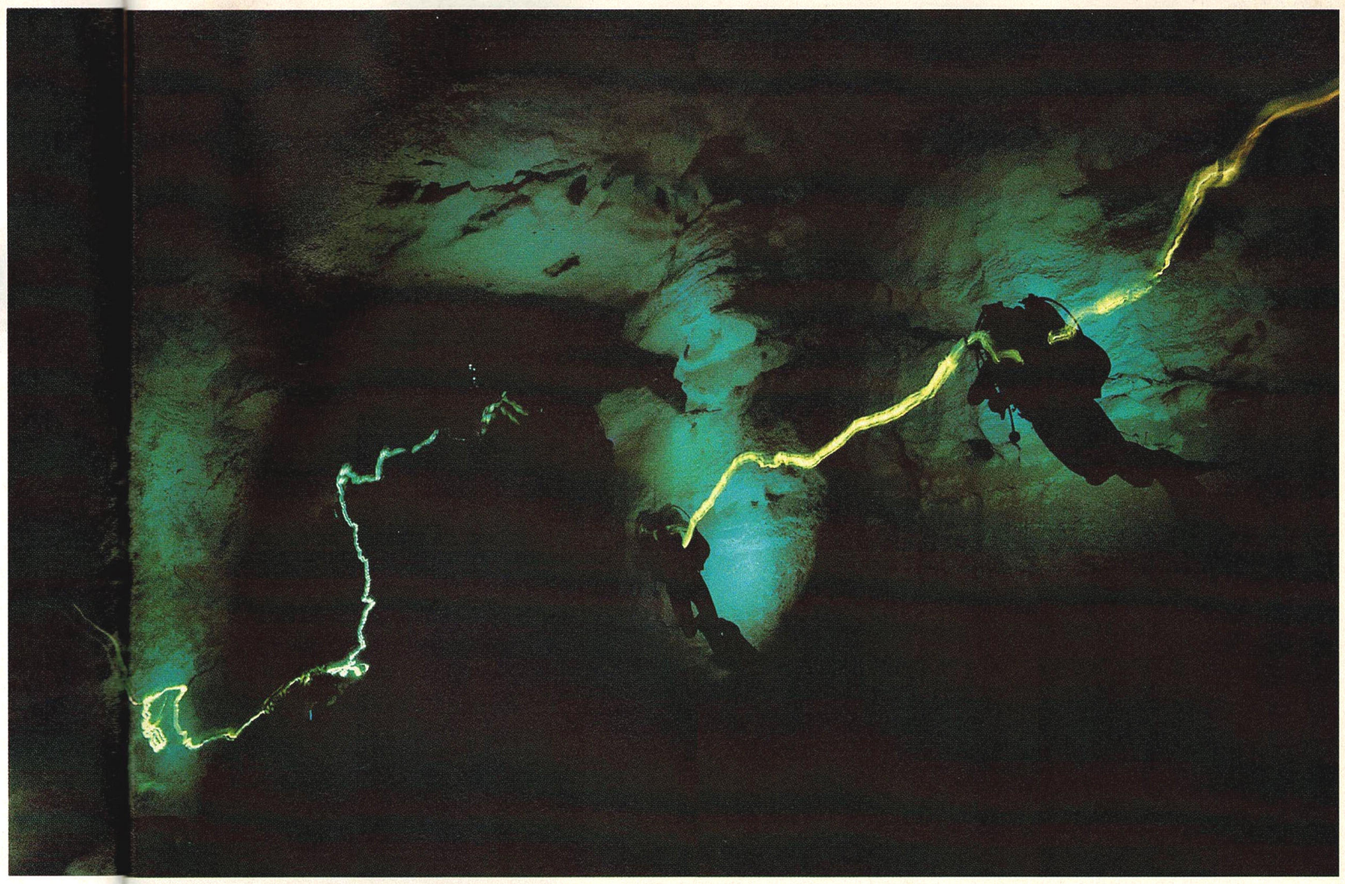


Photography by Neil Vincent

concludes Vincent.

This phenomenon, known as a silt-out, is what happened to the divers who lost their lives in Death Cave. In the accident report, the only survivor tells of the desperation when they couldn't find their way out of a cave and he realised it was "every man for himself." After a terrifying half an hour of bumping around in an ink-black cave, the survivor found a way out, after finding the body of his friend.

These days, the words "safety" and "training" are repeated like mantras by the CDAA officials. The CDAA edicts are adhered to with a religious fervour: you must have the appropriate training; a line must run to the surface; you can't dive beyond 40 metres horizontal; and you can only go as far as one-third of your air will allow (leaving one-third for the return and one-third for reserve).



Brown says the cave diving course is very disciplined.

"But it's not a difficult course. You must know your stuff however. People do fail. Just because you pay your money, doesn't mean you'll pass. Your life depends upon knowing what to do and knowing your equipment."

Inside the Shaft, 20 metres underwater and 20 metres into the earth, is not the place where you want things to break, so everything is backed-up. Besides their main torch, cave divers carry a torch for backup, and a backup for the backup. Brown says that they are moving towards self-rescue so divers are taking spare regulators, masks, knives — everything.

The popularity of cave diving has increased dramatically over the last few years. Three Australians hold the record for the world's longest "penetration" dive. Using 64 air cylinders, 50 torches and 40 regulators, Hugh Morrison, Ron Allun and Peter Rogers pushed almost six kilometres into Cocklebiddy Cave in the Nullarbor Plain. The dive received world-wide press coverage. But the question remains: why go cave diving?

Cathy Hollaway, the editor of *Scuba Diver* says that divers are perhaps becoming jaded with reef diving and wreck diving, so they're searching for new boundaries. Neil Vincent says the attraction is to overcome the unknown, while Chris Brown says it is the addiction of exploration — penetrating areas where no person has ever been in the history of the planet.

But it's the divers emerging out of the Shaft after the dive who best express the appeal of cave diving. They're smiling, but this time it's not nervous. — *Todd Cole*

The secret of Saab's success

The stylish Swede bounces back after travelling the rocky road

A sale is a sale, and you'd figure Saab gets them wherever it can. But what it doesn't want is any association with yuppies. Its customers are not that shallow, the story goes. According to Saab Australia, its owner base consists mainly of intelligent professionals, tertiary-educated people who make a very sound, reasoned purchasing decision with extensive pre- and post-purchase rationalisation, based on criteria like safety, environmental concern and responsibility.

Whew! Increasingly, Saab is attracting more younger customers, including females in their late twenties. Lots of young medicos too; those who like the idea of a safe car which performs. Those who couldn't stand the ignominy of being seen in a Volvo. Get the picture?

A Saab buyer, we're assured, does not hanker to own a Saab primarily for the badge and the image of prestige it suggests. The yuppies, if any survive, can presumably spend their transient wealth on something else. With or without yuppie custom, Saab is going gangbusters in Australia with the sales graph soaring in defiance of the recession we had to have. There were 2200 cars sold last year, 2500 this year, and the forecast is for a number beyond 3000 in 1994. Yet it wasn't long ago, in 1989, that Saab was close to drowning in a sea of red ink. When struggling Saab Automotive was tossed a lifebuoy, in the form of a 50-percent shareholding by General Motors, at the beginning of 1990, an uncomfortable mix of relief and trepidation swept through the Swedish carmaker.

Saved it may have been, but perhaps for a fate worse than death. With sales of only 70,000 cars a year, Saab is almost a boutique car manufacturer. Its appeal has been its verve, its engineering integrity but above all its character and insistence on doing things its way. The concern was that GM would tear the heart and soul out of Saab, and push aside the immediately recognisable styling and dynamic characteristics that have appealed to buyers around the world.

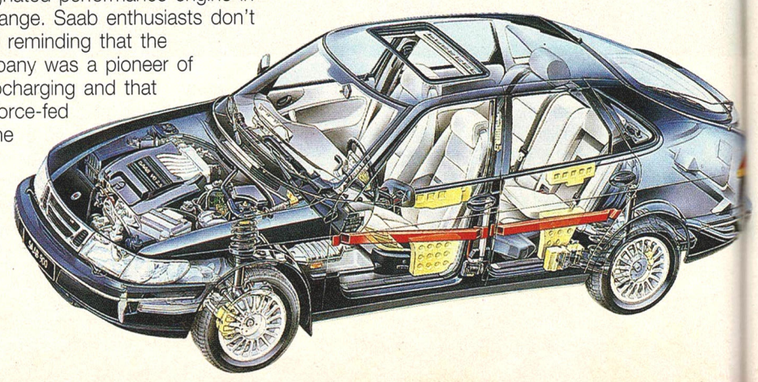
Three years on, those initial qualms have gone. The partnership between the world's largest automaker and one of the smallest, has blossomed. The men from Detroit quickly recognised that Saab's strength is in its determinedly individual approach to car design. Now, the world has seen the first product of the Saab-GM liaison, a model overtly and defiantly Saab in appearance and engineering substance. It also has the personality of a Saab. And it drives like a Saab. Praise the lord.

GM's involvement in the new 900 model — the successor to the 15-year-old and warmly and widely loved "orthopaedic boot" — is mercifully subliminal. The new car has a floorpan borrowed from GM subsidiary, Opel of Germany, but the Saab engineers have heavily-modified the GM componentry for the 900.

As well, there is a V6 engine among the Saab 900 engine line-up which has been developed from a quad-cam GM group design. Significantly, though, the Saab people insist that the Saab-designed 2.0-litre turbocharged four cylinder, and not the V6, is the designated performance engine in the range. Saab enthusiasts don't need reminding that the company was a pioneer of turbocharging and that the force-fed engine has been its high-performance staple throughout the life of the superseded 900, and now into the latest-generation car.

There's no doubting the importance of the all-new 900, the model to confirm the company's survival strategy as well as showing that a winsome Swede can jump into the cot with a muscle-bound American and not get comprehensively rooted.

The GM partnership realised some specific financial benefits such as large savings in project costs to just over $2 billion. Had Saab been forced to go it alone, the development bill would have been 30 percent higher. Out of the intense development phase of just three-and-a-half years — much faster than the gestation period of any other Saab — has come an evolutionary, rather than revolutionary mainstream model.



Typically, it has front-wheel drive, a strong emphasis on active and passive safety features, and a choice of several performance levels ranging from the comfortable to the head-snapping. Those long-time Saab enthusiasts will find comfort in the location of the ignition key where it has always been, on the floor adjacent to the gear lever.

But the new car is far more space efficient, despite external dimensions pegged to within a few centimetres of the model it supplants. Torsionally, it is far stronger, with an integrated safety cage and greater resistance to offset and side impacts.

All models have a driver's side airbag and all five occupants have a three-point harness. Clever flip-down integrated child seats, which push away into the rear seat back when not required, are optional. But the Saab 900's exceptional ability to avoid crashing is also enhanced.

Balance and roadholding have taken a spectacular leap forward ahead of the upright and narrow outgoing model. Anti-lock brakes are standard, naturally.

Saab is going gangbusters in Australia with the sales graph soaring

The new 900 is offered in five-door and three-door hatchback body styles; a decision considered a little odd given the preference of American buyers for the four-door shape. The five-door will arrive in Australia early in the new year, followed in mid-1994 by the sporty three door.

Later next year, to the relief of all those anxious advertising men around urban Australia, the latest version of the convertible will be introduced to complete the basic line-up.

There will be a spread of four engines — all of four-valve design — though not all will be available in every model. For instance, the turbo will come only in the three-door configuration. The bread-and-butter production engine is a

Continued on page 128

Saving Grace

Enforcing savings may well be our economic solution

Illustration by Sue Ninham

Having squandered billions of dollars on entrepreneurs that turned out duds, the nation is now heavily into a-penny-saved-is-a-penny-earned mode. There is even a specially commissioned report on saving known as the *FitzGerald Report* which identifies Australia's low rate of saving (about 16 percent of gross domestic product compared to, say, Singapore's rate of more than three times that) as a major inhibiter of economic growth. Lack of saving also buggers up the national debt: if investors can't get the capital at home they borrow offshore; so do governments. The result: we're in hock to the rest of the world by $160 billion and growing by about $15 billion a year. But the rest of the world isn't dumb. Sooner or later they either stop lending or, more likely, demand higher interest rates and cheaper currency. Bang goes your home loan and your overseas trip.

Anyway, we've got to save. You've got to, I've got to, business has to and so do the governments. And that means fewer services and higher charges on what is provided and, for good measure, there'll have to be some sort of tax on spending, which of course attacks the problem of saving from both ends: government gets more money and consumers are dissuaded from spending.

We'll have a GST, don't you worry about that. We've got to, it's good for us unless you can come up with some other idea on how to get the budget back into surplus.

And watch water rates, council rates, bus fares, filing fees, all government charges — they're headed in one direction and it isn't down.

You'll be playing your part too with compulsory superannuation contributions. If they're not in by the time you read this they soon will be. Superannuation is basically saving. But because many companies have been making super contributions on behalf of their workers for years anyway, the recently introduced Superannuation Guarantee Charge hasn't increased the national saving rate by much. Many of us are already paying into super funds, so making a contribution compulsory won't increase our rate of saving — not if the compulsory rate is less than what we pay now, which it will be (those already paying in usually pay about four percent of salary; the generally mooted rate for compulsory co-contribution is three percent). But it's different for the poor — and that includes the average worker.

Workers on the median wage and less — about $24,000 — don't have a real lot of money left over for savings. Anything they put aside into superannuation will probably be 100 percent new savings, a net increase to the national pot. Whether this can be achieved, politically, will be worth waiting for. Making the poor even poorer (even if only in the short-run) is going to require fancy political skills.

And yet it's not going to do much overall. FitzGerald estimates that a three percent compulsory superannuation contribution from the worker will raise the national saving rate by about 0.6 percent in 10 years and by about one percentage point over 30 years. Whacky-doo. That doesn't exactly put us in tiger economy category.

The implications of the shift of personal savings into super funds are huge. Super funds, for example, don't lend for housing or small business. Super fund managers know and like office blocks, shares in big companies, big ticket financial instruments.

We're in hock to the rest of the world by $160 billion

Super savings are long-term. You can't pull it out to buy the latest Prince record. This might improve the quality of our national investment. Might.

I've said it before but I never quite believed it as much as I do now: the party *is* over and it'll be a long while before we have another one. — *David Quicksilver*

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THE LAST OF A LEGEND

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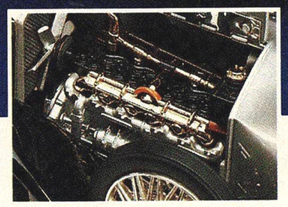
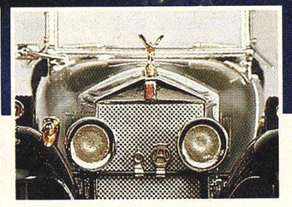
Shown smaller than actual size of 21.9cm (8⅝") long. Scale 1:24.





The 1925 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. Culmination of an era. There was never another like it. For the Silver Ghost was the incomparable masterpiece that forever established Rolls-Royce as the standard of quality and luxury. And this was the *last* Silver Ghost. A pinnacle of achievement!

Now you can acquire this majestic motor car. In a precision-engineered die-cast replica authorized and authenticated by Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Ltd.

Hand-assembled and hand-polished from 143 parts, this superb 1:24 scale model is rich with detail, a hood and doors that open to button-detailed upholstery. And the famed "Spirit of Ecstacy" mascot and Cobra-head horn are aglow with the beauty of 24 carat gold.

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Mr/Mrs/Miss _____
Please print clearly.

Address _____

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Telephone _____
Please include STD area code with your number.

Signature _____
All orders must be signed and are subject to acceptance.

00058 21933

Love shacks

Masterfully marketed Philippine love hotels are set to boom

Another night in Manila. Another night in the back of the Buick. I'm not slumped there because my credit cards are over their limit. Nor is this Buick a rust bucket dumped down some alley in the Ermita red-light district.

My Buick was built in 1954 and is exquisitely restored... for pleasure. Front and back seats are gone, replaced by a comfortable king-size mattress covered by a white satin sheet.

This lady is the centrepiece in a plushly carpeted room with mirrored walls and ceilings. She's positioned behind a VCR, to the right of a bathroom that is dominated by a giant heart-shaped spa bath. She's still a workhorse, though. Her springs still creak. She has become a bed.

The '54 Buick symbolises recent radical change in Manila's love motel industry, which now boasts establishments rivalling five-star hotels in creature comforts but which, strangely, remain largely undiscovered by foreign visitors.

The upmarket love motels want foreigners to check in more often — but they're also cautious, shunning the downmarket end of the tourism sector: beery blokes in thongs, shorts and T-shirts.

Three years ago a millionaire divided his string of motels into two chains and gave one grouping to each of his sons.

Plenty of guys have their secretaries for lunch

Archie King's chain is called Victoria Court. His brother Wyden runs the rival Anito Lodge group. All over the sprawling Philippines capital their instantly recognised logos are plainly evident.

Archie King took a hard look at the Victoria Court properties and didn't like what he saw. He started ripping them apart. He began repositioning his reconstructed properties using a variety of techniques.

Prominent Filipino writers and broadcasters of both sexes were invited to spend time at his motels — just *motels*; he's not wild about the popular terms love motels or "drive-in motels" — and to write or speak about their opulence. He established a training school to transform the bouncer image of staff, sponsored a professorship at a very respectable hotel school and, for good measure, poached top executives from five-star hotels.

But, most important of all, he hired a team of whiz-kid designers who were given a brief to indulge their own fantasies in creating new suites.

As Archie saw it, business would remain largely sex-related after his revolutionary changes — but it would have a far broader base. "We want to get the sort of people who would never normally contemplate checking in," he cajoled staff.

Aside from sparking publicity, Archie sent his sales teams out to see some of the country's biggest and most conservative companies. Brazenly, he was wooing small convention business. The idea had its merits. If your wife's friends spotted you coming out of one of Archie's places, you could say you had merely been attending a corporate motivational meeting there.

Archie wasn't offering executive orgies — though there have been more than a few of those — but an offbeat relaxing venue for meetings. Soon it became a status thing: people liked saying they held a meeting at a Victoria Court.

A major coup for the company came recently when two international carriers — Philippine Airlines and Pakistan International Airlines — added a couple of Victoria Courts to the list of Manila hotels which can be booked through their computers.

The potentially lucrative business sector isn't forgotten at Victoria Court. Direct-dial phones and business facilities are being installed throughout the chain and some now come equipped with conference rooms and straitlaced

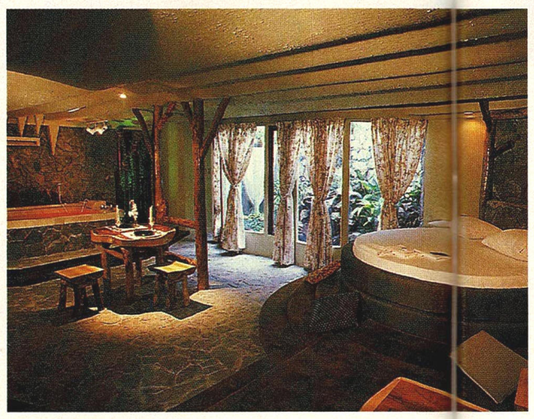


Photo by Bien S. Bautista

secretaries who do no more than type or field phone calls. Combining pleasure and business — the fuck-and-fax syndrome as critics scoff — is clearly a growth area.

I rise late one day, leaving the comforts of the Buick only because of a lunch meeting with Archie's affable aide Joselito Cinco who asks me to compare other Victoria Courts to the one where I am staying.

The driver guides our car into a Victoria Court driveway. Joselito says we'll pick some empty suites to look over; they're easily identified because the garage doors will be open. But all garage doors are closed. "One hundred percent occupancy!" proclaims one of Joselito's managers, a fellow named Ramon. "It's the lunch-hour rush. Come back at 3pm and they'll all be back at their offices by then."

Photo by Bien S. Bautista

Photo by Chris Pritchard

At 2pm, the garage doors start opening. Cars — most with heavily-tinted windows discreetly rolled up — begin to exit.

Ramon smiles knowingly. "Some of the women will be back, sheepishly to collect what they've left behind," he reveals. "Mostly they come back for jewellery or wallets, sometimes sexy lingerie — but never for their teeth."

Teeth? "Yeah," Ramon continues. "Teeth are the one item women seem to leave behind a lot. I guess they take their teeth out before they go to bed and then forget to put them in again. We've got a whole drawerful of teeth in our lost property office."

The Victoria Court system is designed for discretion. Suites and rooms are built above garages. Guests are met by one of a team of uniformed attendants who sit, like parking jockeys, outside a small office.

The attendant asks at the driver's-side window — which, often, is tinted and wound down only a fraction — what sort of suite is required and for how long. Then he points the car to a particular open garage door. He closes the door from the inside and leads the couple up a flight of stairs from the garage to the suite. Once the couple is in the room, the attendant takes payment in cash or by credit cards.

The couple won't be disturbed unless they overstay, in which case they will be receive a call offering another three-hour slab of time.

According to Cinco, guests include "married couples, boyfriends and girlfriends, long-time secret lovers, and people in casual one-time encounters. Sure, some guys must bring hookers in — it's obvious. But we ask no questions. Our business depends on keeping out of other people's business."

Among the Victoria Court properties' suites, there is a Great White Hunter African-themed suite with zebra-skin rugs for on-the-floor jungle passion and a Japanese suite, complete with artificial indoor waterfall and stream which aims to recreate a samurai swordsman's love nest. The much-in-demand disco suite has strobe and coloured lights, enabling guests — using an impressive control panel — to duplicate the lighting effects of a fashionable nightclub. One suite has live eagles looking into the bedroom from an indoor garden.

Most unusual of all Victoria Court facilities is a suite with two bedrooms that is built on three levels: garage, then bedroom and lounge area and, on top, an enormous glass-bottomed spa bath. Anyone in the spa can look through its floor onto the bed below — and anyone on the bed can look up to where the ceiling should be — into the spa above. Joselito can't resist whispering that "it's popular with foursomes."

Prices vary, depending on what you rent and when. A plain-vanilla, unthemed Victoria Court room for three hours before dawn can be as cheap as $10. A fantasy suite — a Buick, for instance — costs considerably more: around $30 for three hours at the same off-peak period. But it is inexpensive compared with a five-star hotel over a 24-hour period, costing the equivalent of about $145.

Having found its niche among the locals, the revamped Victoria Court chain plans to target foreigners wanting to indulge their fantasies. "It's strange," Joselito, a wiry ex-sportswriter, says, his brow furrowed in puzzlement, "that while so many foreigners are aware of the Philippines' varied after-hours attractions, our research shows that relatively few even know what motels are about. More marketing is needed to let them know what they're missing." — *Chris Pritchard*

Screen Star

Sharp has engaged in a spot of lateral thinking to create its latest video camcorder. The VL-E40X is essentially a colour LCD screen to which has been added a mini camera with the end result that monitoring both recording and playback is made very much easier. Sharp's ViewCam has a 10.2cm colour screen which can be pivoted or tilted for easier viewing and there's a built-in loudspeaker so recordings can be enjoyed on the spot. Camera features include an 8x power zoom, electronic stabiliser (to cure the jitters), fully automatic operation (focusing, exposure control, etc), a snapshot mode and remote control. The price tag is $2500.

Taken In Hand

Despite being almost small enough to pocket, Panasonic's ultra-slim NV-R50 video camcorder lacks nothing in serious video-making features. Just 76 mm wide (and weighing 650 grams), the 'Palmcorder' has a 10x variable speed zoom with a 15x digital zoom for even greater magnification. A digital stabiliser is designed to counter camera shake and the R50 is particularly good in low light conditions as it's possible to digitally brighten a scene by up to eight times. Better still, images are viewed on a full-colour viewfinder and there's a range of professional-looking special effects to choose from including wipes and dissolves. This mini marvel costs $2399 from Panasonic Australia.

Many Heads Make Better Pictures

In a video recorder, the heads are responsible for turning electrical signals into pictures on your TV screen (and vice versa) so their role is critical. JVC's HR-J400 is equipped with a separate pair for its standard and long-play modes which delivers far superior picture quality (particular with the slower LP mode). The four head design also permits a variety of special playback modes including variable speed slow motion, frame-by-frame advance and very high quality stills. A shuttle dial allows extremely precise tape search at high speeds or via a single frame at a time. The HR-J400 also has centre-loading which is designed to speed up the various transport functions and a nice touch is a set of audio/video inputs on the front panel for convenient connection of a video camera. Call Hagemeyer (Australasia) B.V. for details about JVC stockists.

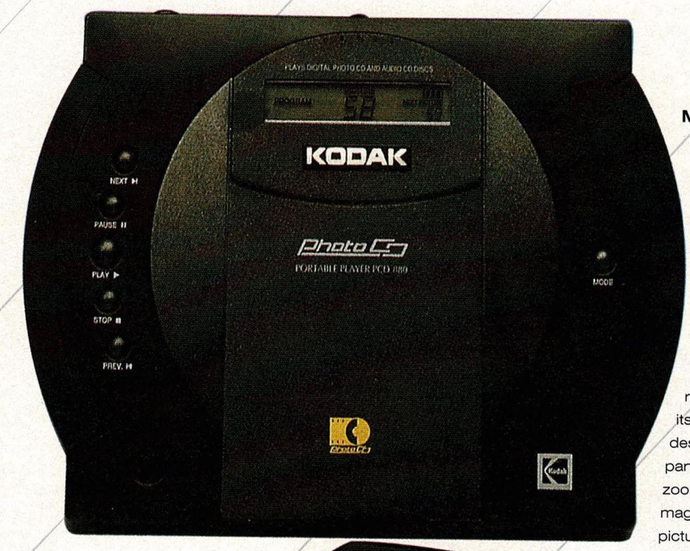
state of the art

Looking Ahead

Discreet long-distance observation is possible with Olympus' new range of ultra-compact binoculars which fold so they fit snugly into a pocket. There's a choice of roof prism or porro prism models (the slimmer looking models feature the former design) with either 8x or 10x magnification. Despite their small size, the Olympus binoculars still offer a very bright image and the optics are specially coated to prevent eye damage from UV rays. All models have centre-focusing for speedy adjustment and are fitted with rubber eyecups for comfortable viewing. More information from R. Gunz (Photographic).

Extracting The Digitals

Making digital audio recordings at home is now a reality with Sony's new MiniDisc format (known as MD for short). MD uses a small magneto-optical disc which can be reused many times (Sony claims about a million record/erase cycles are possible) and is available in 60 or 74 minute recording durations. The MDS-101 MiniDisc home deck shown here offers all the convenience of laser-based playback including rapid access to tracks, random and repeat modes plus programmed track selection. During recording it's possible to add album and track titles (which are subsequently displayed during playback) and create your own edit playlists. There's much more to MiniDisc and no doubt Sony Australia would love to tell you more. The MDS-101 sells for $1799 and a blank 74 minute disc is worth about $25.



Moving Pictures

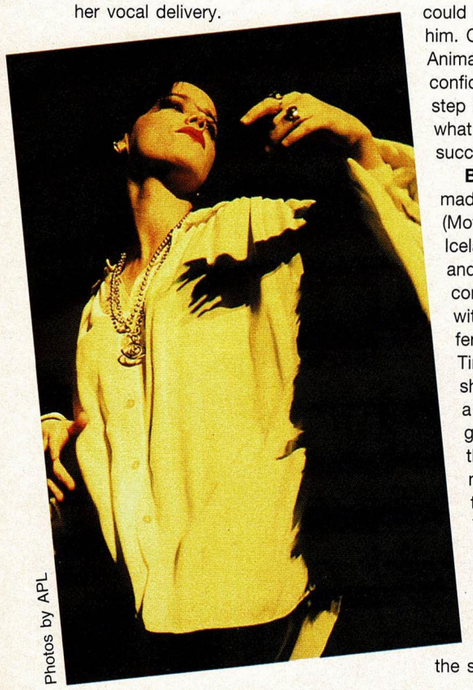
Latest addition to Kodak's Photo CD system (which enables photographs to be stored on a special CD for viewing on a colour TV) is this portable player. Like the bench-top Photo CD machines, the PCD 885 also plays audio discs and boasts 1-bit signal processing for high quality music reproduction. When playing back picture discs — the unit can run for an hour on battery power — its possible to view the images in any desired order, sequentially or in a particular sequence. There's also a zoom function which gives 2x magnification and the duration the picture is display on screen can also be varied. More details from Kodak Australasia.

SUZE DE MARCHI AND HER ANIMAL MAGNETISM

I hope you all go and get blind drunk and get a root," was Suze De Marchi's parting blessing to the chosen throng in the hallowed halls of NSW Parliament House at the launch of *Shaved And Dangerous* (Imago). Not that the **Baby Animals** aren't capable of delivering musical and lyrical intensity. For her own subject matter Suze has her own angles on relationships. She allows a vulnerability to surface instead of rock bravado. This gives the band an emotional depth comparable to the dynamics of her vocal delivery.

The lads show some gentle acoustic moments before rearing their manes and bearing their ferocious rock trio fangs.

They often attack with a rhythmic complexity that comes from a riff-muncher's brain-space rather than a jazzer's more esoteric one. So far the band has generated numerous awards locally. Overseas, "we select our headline acts very carefully," quips guitarist Dave Leslie and with American stints supporting Bryan Adams, Van Halen and Robert Plant to their credit you could almost believe him. On disc the Baby Animals take a confident and logical step forward after what was a hugely successful debut.



Photos by APL

Bjork has finally made her solo *Debut* (Mother) away from Iceland's Sugarcubes and her voice constantly cracks with a mischievous fervour. In "Big Time Sensuality" she declares with a kind of girlish guttural emphasis that "I don't know my future after this weekend." These aren't nihilistic sentiments as she sounds too full of life and hope. At times the songs have an icy aural wash with often infectious rhythmic propulsion. The arrangements match her delivery with idiosyncratic twists like the sax trio and voice of "The Anchor Song" and the pastoral harp of "Like Someone In Love".

Sounding like the love child of Seventies inspired jazz/funk and a fledgling Stevie Wonder, **Jamiroquai** and band have followed up the promising single "Too Young To Die" with the totally funky *Emergency On Planet Earth* (Sony).

The lyric content is obvious from the title but Jamiroquai manages to make his point without sounding harping or gratuitous. The band flex their improvisational muscle but those instrumental moments avoid sounding like a muzak programmer's wet dream.

Billed in his liner notes as "Rock and Roll's ultimate on-stage guest", **Ron Wood** has delivered a surprising gem with *Slide On This* (Festival). The tasty slide guitar work and general groove were anticipated but with the assistance of singer/keyboardist Bernard Fowler he has recorded an engaging set of blues 'n' roll. With some judicious help from Fowler and the arrangements he even showcases his singing.

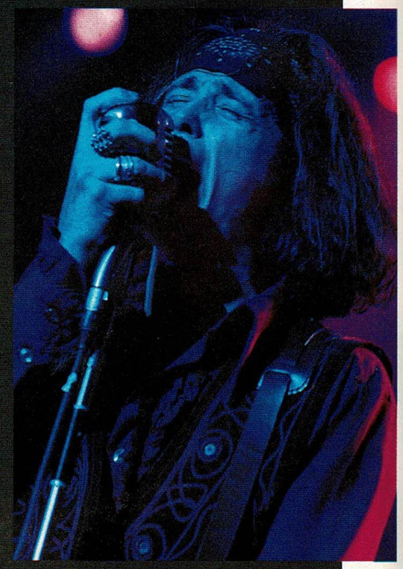
Guests include the Edge, Charlie Watts and Hothouse

Jamiroquai is a fledgling Stevie Wonder

Flowers and the packaging and production time mark it as a labour of love for Wood. This quintessential good time rock and roll journeyman even shows his romantic side. — *Jeremy Cook*

DIESEL POWER

Unlike the parliamentarian namesake of his recent offering *The Lobbyist* (EMI), **Diesel** has hardly had to hustle to get people on side with his Hepfidelity material. The opening track is proudly called "Brand New Song" and has Diesel sounding uncannily similar to his old mentor Mr Barnes. That track and two others were originally recorded for the US/European release of his previous album. This Australian-only release also includes some acoustic, "unplugged" studio versions including "Tip Of My Tongue". Covering all bases, the last third of the disc is four live band tracks from an Adelaide gig. The strength of the material and Diesel's performance give this release more legs than a mere stop-gap tour souvenir and may be all we get locally while Diesel continues his current round of world music chart domination.



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FRONT

film review

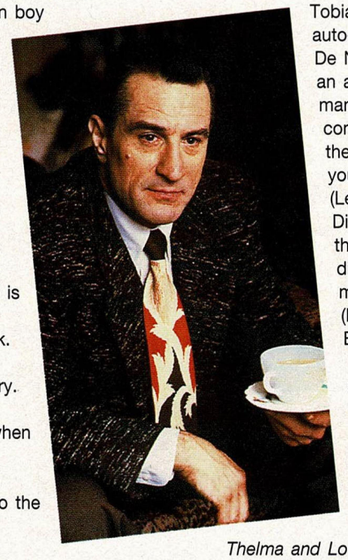
BAD GUY DE NIRO AND A FREE WILLY

Having been born into the *Jaws* generation, it's a little hard to watch films about sea creatures without getting a little edgy.

Free Willy is the exception. At its core, this is the story of two kids separated from their parents — a troubled young boy Jesse and a killer whale, Willy.

Despite the inherent corniness, the film cannot fail to appeal on every level. It has the grandness of *Jurassic Park* with that film's thrilling addition of deadly but cute creatures thrown in for good measure.

Add to that the appeal of a young orphan boy whose humanity far surpasses that of the adults around him. There are moments when the script gets a little edgy — one example is when Jesse and Willy talk. Elements of Skippy? Scary.



Another moment is when a crowd of tourists who have come to the rather seedy marine park where the whale lives try to get its attention by pounding on the glass with not a security guard in sight.

Indeed, the seemingly poor characterisations have earned angry comments from a variety of marine parks in the US and charges of gross inaccuracy.

Free Willy is a beautifully shot and excellently acted (if inaccurately portrayed) film about a boy and his whale.

Worth a look. ****

What is it about Robert De Niro that makes everyone cast him in bad guy roles? It's an interesting question, asked again after seeing **This Boy's Life.**

A biographical tale, written from the author Tobias Wolff's auto-biography. De Niro plays an abusive man who comes into the life of a young boy (Leonardo DiCaprio) through his divorced mother (Ellen Barkin).

The story opens with DiCaprio and Barkin hitting the road, *a la Thelma and Louise* but minus the cops, and heading across the country. They hit Seattle where Barkin meets De Niro and falls in love.

Only he turns out to be abusive and then the problems start. A few rocky patches and then things kind of turn out all right.

There is a pervading feeling throughout the film that you've missed something. That is probably due the fact that some footage was cut and that the script was written from only the middle chapters of Wolff's book — a point which caused some friction between Wolff and the producers of the film.

De Niro plays an abusive man

Portions of the story seem compressed and others expanded to fit into the director's vision of the film. And like many films which are based on quite brilliant books, there is bound to be some reservation from someone who has read it.

Fans of the book will clearly be unhappy with what has transpired here, as they were with the *Power Of One.*

Ellen Barkin turns in a good performance, probably the best in the film and, yes, better than De Niro, playing DiCaprio's mother. Barkin is clearly an outstanding performer. She captures perfectly the characterisation of the boy's mother on their blind journey.

Not bad for an adaptation.
**1/2 — *Michael Idato*

The Witch is Back

It's been a few years since we've seen Bette Midler in action in a comedy — remember the brilliant *Ruthless People* and *Outrageous Fortune?* — and in Hocus Pocus, her latest film, she seems to have lost little over the years.

Midler plays a witch, one of three (the others are played by Sarah Jessica Parker and Kathy Najimy) and she turns in a wickedly lavish performance in tandem with her two talented co-stars.

Najimy, whose previous comic roles have included a hyperactive nun in *Sister Act* and a flustered wardrobe woman in *Soapdish*, is in excellent form and at times threatens to steal the limelight from Midler.

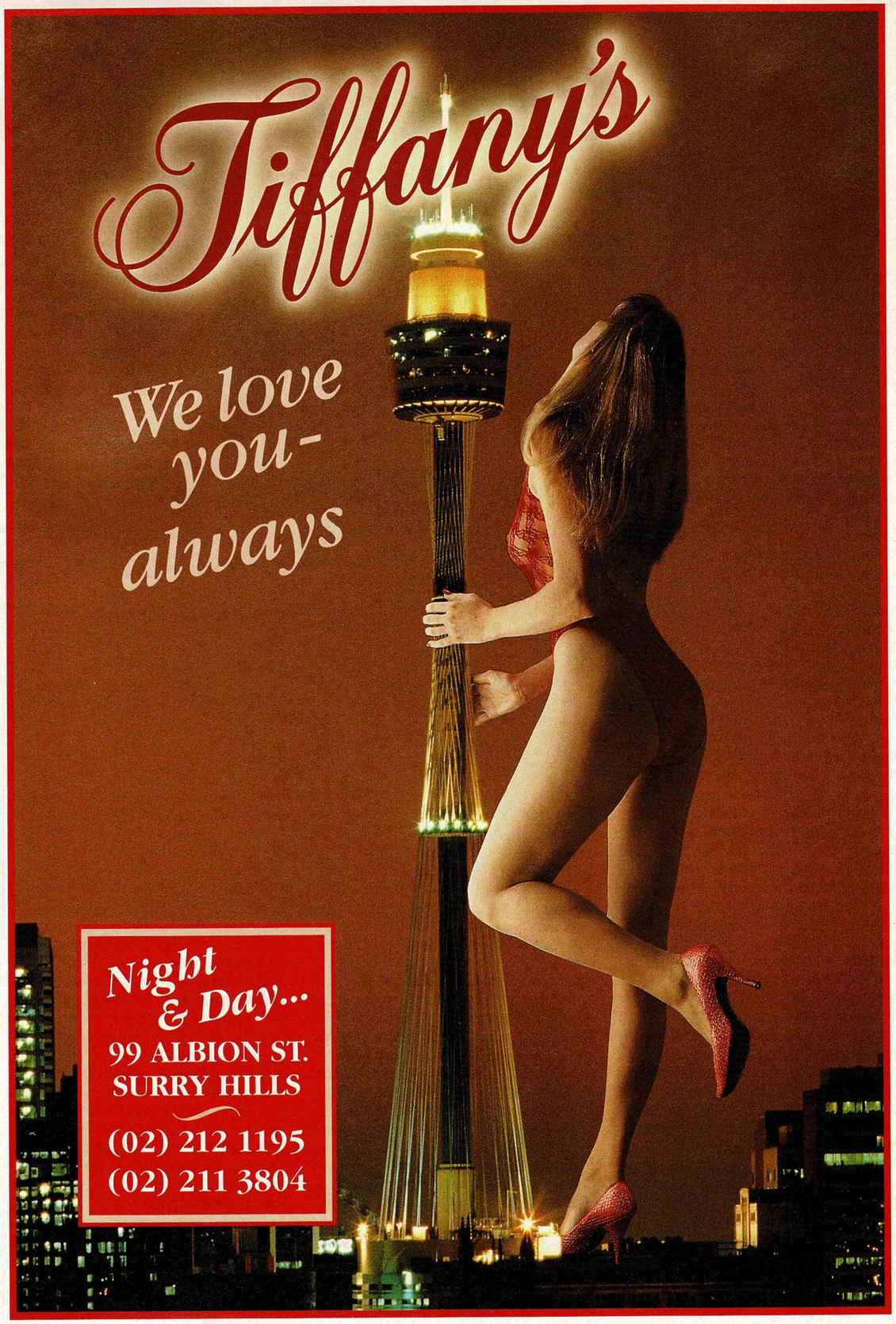
Parker, who most recently starred in *Honeymoon In Vegas* with Nicholas Cage seems a little out of her depth.

Midler captures the audience in her spell from the moment the three bitches, er, witches are woken from their 300-year sleep to wreak havoc on the world.

The feelers from the US, pre-release, are not good and some commentators have gone as far as to say it will be the only disappointment for the Walt Disney Company in an otherwise strong season.

But the comedy envelops you from the moment the film starts and, apart from a few grisly moments in the first five minutes in which a young girl has the living daylights sucked out of her (they are witches, after all) the film is otherwise a great watch.

There are laughs to be had here and, yes, Bette sings. But only one song. *Ruthless People* it ain't... but see it anyway.***



advisor

candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

He ain't heavy

I am an 18-year-old male. I feel my male sexuality is in question because I gain weight on my hips and butt in much the same way that many women do. I have to exercise like a madman to look male. I feel like a man and want to look like one. Can you advise me if there are any drugs or alternate therapies to solve my problem?

First of all stop believing that there's a way that a man should look. There are as many different male bodies as there are males. There's no law saying that a male should have the physique of Arnold Schwarzenegger or Sly Stallone. At 18 your body will be starting to settle into the shape that it'll remain in for the rest of your life but this should not be a cause for despair. As far as drugs and alternate therapies go, there's a difference between being healthy and fighting against your genes. If you maintain a balanced, low-fat, high-carbohydrate diet with moderate regular aerobic exercise, you'll be able to keep your weight in check and your physique in shape.

Brotherly love

I am a 20-year-old male and I have a sister who is 24 years old. We both still live at home and have been having sex together for almost five years. We both passionately love each other and until recently neither of us had had sex with anyone else. My sister has recently started seeing someone else and has urged me to do the same. This has not effected our sexual relationship as my sister says it is only to avoid suspicion from friends and family. We both want a long-term relationship together but do not know how to explain to friends and family the deep love we have for each other.

There's no doubt that you and your sister do obviously love each other a great deal but the fact that you lost your virginity to one another has caused your feelings to be thrown into turmoil and confusion. Sibling love and romantic love are two different things. A relationship with your sister is fraught with peril. Aside from the legal difficulties you could face, you may well run the risk of isolating the rest of the family if you and your sister actually come out with the affair. If your sister falls pregnant you run a high risk of congenital mental and physical deformities in the baby. What this all points to is a resounding: Stop it! Both you and your sister need to move on to other relationships. Seek counselling immediately. If you are afraid to go to your family doctor, there are telephone crisis lines in every State capital that'll be able to guide you in the right direction.

Indiscretion insecurity

I have been apart from my girlfriend due to holidays for nearly two months. I was feeling very alone and got myself horribly drunk. I went to a club, met a girl and, although I consider myself a very loyal person, we ended up in bed together. All I wanted was to be close to someone. She wanted to have sex but as she had no protection I declined. She said that if I stuck it in and pulled out straight away she would give me a blowjob. Once again I declined, so she sat on top of me and pinned me to the bed. She slipped onto my erection for a few seconds but I managed to push her off me. She gave me head afterwards and I soon kicked her out. The problem is twofold. Firstly can I catch anything from this encounter and secondly were my actions entirely wrong?

What do you mean, "were my actions entirely wrong?" Wake up to yourself buddy, you're a cheat and you know it, or you would not have written the letter. You have also angled your story to place some level of blame on the other girl, as if to say "it really wasn't my fault". Nice try pal, but your mouthwash just ain't cutting it. Around this office, a bloke who has a girlfriend but sleeps with another woman, is a cheat. A cheat who then tries to blame the infidelity on the third party is a boy. As for the danger of catching anything, there's so many sexually transmitted diseases flourishing in this part of the world, that it's possible to become infected with a wide array of ailments from unprotected sex. Warts, herpes, hepatitis, HIV, gonorrhoea, syphilis and chlamydia are just a few of the nasties you can get from unprotected sex. But don't ask us, go to a doctor if you're worried. But while you're waiting for the doctor, ask yourself how you would react to your girlfriend screwing some party-boy she found in a nightclub and then trying to say it wasn't her fault. Our advice: get honest and get a life.

The married hand

I am 25 years old, married and I love my wife very much, but I have a problem. I have a good sex life and am always satisfied after we make love, but I constantly masturbate when my wife is not around. I know it started when I was 18. That was when I went away to uni and lived on my own. I had sex on and off, but most of my sexual release was through masturbation. I always believed that masturbation was a healthy thing and since it felt so good I did it whenever I got the urge. The amount of pleasure I would give myself was tremendous. I would never admit to anyone that I masturbated, however, because it was something only "hard-up" guys were supposed to do.

I thought it would all stop when I got married, but it didn't. I can't explain why I still get the urge because my wife and I have sex almost every day and she is a very sensuous and satisfying lover. Still, when she leaves for night lectures, I invariably get the urge. I feel like I'm cheating on her.

I told my wife that I masturbated quite frequently before we were married. She said she understood my need, but that the thought of me doing it was disgusting to her and that no well-satisfied man needed to do it. I know she would be crushed if she learned that I still masturbate. She would think that she was not satisfying me and that's not the case at all. Is there something wrong with me? Am I normal?

There is nothing wrong with you, you are normal. The problem is not with the act of masturbation, but with the attitudes your wife, and, to a lesser extent, you, bring to it.

In the past masturbation was said to cause all kinds of ills, including insanity. Slowly we have come to accept, if not recommend, masturbation as a healthy part of our human sexuality. Some prejudices remain however, and many people regard pleasuring oneself as a substitute for sexual intercourse, a technique to be used only when a partner is not sexually available. In fact, there is nothing wrong in continuing to enjoy this pleasure even when a partner is at hand.

Your wife sees the act of your pleasuring yourself as a sign that she has somehow failed to give you sexual satisfaction and fulfilment. In addition she finds masturbation dirty and disgusting, an attitude she probably picked up from her parents as a child. You carry some of these attitudes, too, but it sounds as though your sex drive and the force of habit enable you to continue despite your wife's reactions.

There are several ways you can deal with your wife's negative reactions to masturbation. You could try to desensitise her by having her watch you masturbate, having her masturbate you, or buying her a vibrator and helping her explore her own masturbatory capacity. Another possibility would be to let her know verbally that you enjoy masturbating, that it in no way interferes with your pleasure during lovemaking or implies dissatisfaction with it, that masturbation is okay and you are going to continue the activity. Finally, ask what would make her feel more comfortable about it.

Dry and dry again

My fiance and I are desperately in need of your help. We have been engaged for a few months and we both love each other very much. The problem is that whenever we have sex, it hurts me. At first it only hurt when we used condoms because they were rubbing the skin off the inside of my vagina causing bleeding. I changed my method of contraception to the Depo-Provera injection and for the following month I was able to have sex with no pain. But recently, the pain has been twice as bad. We have tried many different positions, heaps of jellies and lubricants and lots of foreplay. My partner is able to fully arouse me, but it seems to make no difference. Our sex life used to be so good. We are now starting to give up on sex and this is tearing us apart.

The first thing you should do is visit a gynaecologist — your family doctor will be able to refer you to the appropriate person. Considering the fact that you bled as a result of sex with a condom, it's possible that you damaged the nerves and flesh of the vagina. Secondly the Depo-Provera injection contraception method is relatively controversial and while it makes sure that you won't fall pregnant, it also has a number of side effects one of which may well be the cause of your pain during sex. With your use of lubricants and extensive foreplay, you should not be having the problems you describe but a gynaecologist should be able to pinpoint the problem.

She's a routine lover

I am 28 years old and have been married for four years. I have known my husband for eight years. He went away on a business trip recently, and when he returned he told me that he had had a one night affair.

I can't seem to forget about it, especially when we have sex. I feel guilty, because I think he's bored with me, but he really won't sit down and talk about it.

Do you think that I should start doing new things to keep him sexually happy with me? I was thinking about getting some sex toys, but I don't know how to approach him with them. I'm basically a routine lover, and he is the only man I have ever slept with.

It is important to know what may have motivated your husband to have a one-night affair and for him to tell you about it. Your assumption is that he is bored with you, but there are many reasons why people have "one-nighters," such as curiosity, negative feelings toward masturbation and horniness. He could even have been fantasising about you.

He may have told you of his behaviour out of guilt, hidden resentment, a desire to make you angry or a need to feel more valued and appreciated. You will only know the true issues by talking with him. In the meantime, you do not have to blame yourself.

It's certainly a good idea to experiment sexually with him and by yourself. Cultivating your sexual self will have the benefits for you as well as for your relationship. But becoming a sexual expert will not give you a sense of purpose in your life. Being your own person will. So you need to take care of yourself in non-sexual ways as well, so that your career, your friends, family and other interests are sources of support to you.

I would encourage you to find out more about his feelings, since that is the only way to resolve your problem.

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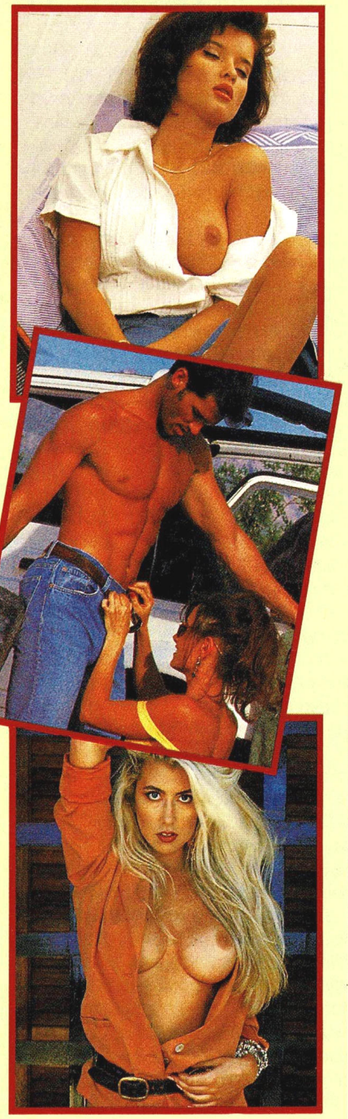

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In full bloom

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Kate Jones is a 24-year-old florist with a passion for exotic flowers and plants. Kate's travelled to many parts of the world but she says she's at her best in tropical climates.

For as long as she can remember, Kate says she's been fascinated with all things organic. As for men, she assures us that a mere dozen red roses will not do the trick. "Roses are great but I like originality and innovation in both my flowers and my men. A guy once gave me a huge bouquet of rare orchids. That really blew me away. Needless to say I had no choice but to sit up and take notice of him."

When she's not working, Kate enjoys getting out into nature on a long rainforest hike.

KANTOR'S

CELEBRITY SKINS

Oprah Winfrey

MALE-ORDER MARRIAGE

These are crazy times for Dave. First there was the baby, then came the divorce and now the threats of violence from Chinese thugs.

In the space of 18 months, the 45-year-old Queenslander fell in love, married his beautiful Chinese bride, moved with her to Australia, received Domestic Violence Orders and watched his life fall apart.

Do Asian brides have more rights than Australian men?

Dave, like hundreds of Australian men, didn't fall victim to the recession, ill health or the bottle. He didn't have an accident and he didn't commit a crime.

Dave was wooed with sex and duped in love for the one thing he had that residents of some countries would do almost anything to get; Australian citizenship.

From a whirlwind romance in Shanghai to the Family Court at $900 an hour — from the joy of first-time fatherhood to the death threats and depression, Dave says he's been shafted from all sides.

BY MARK ABERNETHY

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

Bride

Dave's only crime was marrying the wrong woman, and he says the Australian Government is supporting her all the way to the bank.

This is not an isolated case. The Immigration Department says that in the year 1992/93, it received 25 complaints from men who claimed they had been lured into marriage by foreign women for the purposes of residency, and then dumped. The figure was the same for the preceding year.

Because of pride, many men caught in the same bind as Dave don't complain. Of the men we talked to in the process of this story, only a few had made official complaints to the Immigration Department. Dave (not his real name) was one of them.

These are not huge figures considering that in the years 1988-91, 33,000 foreign women migrated to Australia as either brides or fiancees. South-East Asian women made up more than a third of that figure with 12,256 migrations under either the spouse or fiancee visa systems. The greatest supplier of brides was the Philippines at 5,267 over the three year period followed by Vietnam with 4,278 and Thailand, 1,001.

Over the last decade woman have consistently outnumbered men in gaining spouse and fiancee visas by a ratio of almost two to one and by the end of 1992, almost 20,000 Australian men were married to Philippines-born women.

Given these numbers, 25 complaints per year from angry men may seem trivial, but men's groups believe the official complaints only scratch the surface.

In Perth, the Men's Confraternity is currently counselling several men who believe they were conned into marriage by Asian women and then dumped. The Confraternity's spokesman, Mike Ward, says he has heard more than 130 such complaints in six years from Australian men.

Ward says the Asian bride trend is abused by both men and women, but it is the men who get the blame for it.

"Unfortunately there is a certain type of man who thinks Asian women are subservient; that they'll be a little 'sex slave'. These men deserve what's coming to them and they get little sympathy from other men.

"But there is another side to the story, and I've heard it so often that as soon as I hear the beginning of a complaint, I can finish the story for them. There is a certain type of Asian bride who uses the Australian man to get to Australia, then uses him to get residency and citizenship, and then avails herself of the same anti-male Family Court that Australian women are so fond of.

"In two years, an Asian woman can be sitting very pretty."

The Lone Father's Association Australia, in Canberra, takes many of the cases that the Immigration Department never hears.

LFAA president, Barry Williams, had 23 cases he was looking into in the 1993 year to August.

He says most of the men who get conned into marriage are second and third timers for marriage and are marrying Asian women because they already feel ripped off by former Australian wives.

"A lot of these Australian men are depressed and lonely and are frightened of Australian women because, unfortunately, there is a strong perception among men that Australian women are greedy and unfaithful.

"They are usually distraught former family men who have watched their other marriages fall apart. They are sitting ducks in Asia."

Williams says the typical scenario from the men who contact his organisation, goes like this: "the Asian woman comes out to Australia with her new husband, gets pregnant, she gets a Domestic Violence Order against the husband, he gets kicked out and she gets the house and the Child Support payments."

The ex-wife often moves her extended family into the newly acquired home, he says. "The Asian women think it's great; they say 'gee this is great, I'm in clover here'.

"This absurd anti-male attitude has got to stop. The Asian bride gets the support of the police, the courts, the tax office, the legal aid and women's centres. The man gets nothing because he is male."

Williams says politics is so cynical in this country that if it were emotionally vulnerable Australian women being preyed on by Asian men, "Parliament would be in an uproar and the immigration and divorce laws would be changed so fast it would make your head spin."

Immigration Department spokesperson Harley Dadswell says the Department is aware of the number of Australian men who feel hard done by. He says the complaints have mainly been aimed at Filipino brides but also some Chinese and Vietnamese women.

Dadswell says male complaints to the Immigration Department are usually from embittered men who feel they have been conned into marriage, and financially ripped off.

The foreign woman has to wait six months to be eligible for social welfare benefits and two years before she can apply for full citizenship. If she has a child to the Australian man, she can have him tossed out of the home on the basis of domestic violence orders. She can get subsidised housing, legal aid and Child Support Agency payments from the Australian husband.

Although the Family Court does not keep statistics on the number of Asian brides who subsequently divorce, the Court says there are no limitations on what a foreign person can claim in a property or custody settlement, as long as one of the parties to the marriage is an Australian citizen.

This is in contrast to the way foreign-born spouses are treated in most parts of Asia, where marriage to a local gives no property or child custody rights in the event of a divorce. The Gillespie case is an example of how South-East Asian countries treat the foreign spouse.

In countries such as Germany and Switzerland, an Asian bride who leaves her husband is deported or "repatriated" almost immediately.

Dadswell says the Immigration Department does not play "big brother" to Australians, and does not tell men who they can and cannot marry.

He says the biggest problem with prosecuting and deporting insincere foreign spouses is the declaration that must accompany the new husband and wife when the bride wants to immigrate on a Spouse Visa under the Family Migration Act. A Spouse Visa allows permanent residency status to the foreign spouse. When the couple sign the declaration, they are swearing that their marriage is real and based on genuine feelings.

If the Immigration Department is going to prosecute a foreign bride, it can generally only be on the basis that she deliberately made a false declaration.

"When we get a complaint from the husband, that he's been used to get citizenship, we investigate. But try proving she deliberately made a false declaration — try proving that in law. It's a real problem with evidence.

"You have the man saying 'she lied, she conned me' and she is saying 'it was real, but when I got here the man turned out to not be who he said he was'.

"When you have an Australian saying 'this is my wife, it's real and I love her', then unless there is something we can nail them for, the Australian has the benefit of the doubt. We have to make a judgement at some stage. You have to make that judgement allowing for human nature because that's something you can't legislate against."

Dadswell says an Asian bride-for-residency scam is usually only prosecuted when there is a pattern of a person or people being involved in spouse or fiancee visas over a period of time. These cases are known as "serial sponsors". Asian introduction and marriage agencies are legal as long as the resulting mar-

Continued on page 96

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SUNDOWNER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

At 19, Rachel Richardson has seen a pretty big chunk of the world. Rachel started out as a backpacker on a year-long journey but found that when the travelling bug bit, it bit deep.

Rachel says she finds work wherever she goes but she prefers working in pubs and clubs. "Since I've been in the hospitality trade, I've learned to mix a mean cocktail." Rachel has poured drinks in Greece, Italy, Australia and Hawaii. "I like being in sunny climates where the atmosphere and the men are really laid-back and relaxed. There's nothing worse than a man who is always stressed out over his next big deal. I like my men fit, relaxed and, above all, willing to explore."

Photograph from the Sydney Morning Herald

BY MARK DAPIN

DOG'S LIFE

Why Raymond Denning had to die

As Raymond Denning gave his evidence at Glebe Coroner's Court, a man dipped into a white plastic shopping bag and pulled out a fresh and bloody bone.

"You forgot your lunch, Denning!" he shouted.

The man left the bone on the rail of the court and ran out of the building.

As far as many of his former friends were concerned, Ray Denning was a dog, and he was already dead.

Only a decade before, Denning had been a hero. He was the man the system could not break — a handsome young outlaw no jail could hold.

He was the first man ever to escape from the NSW maximum security prison at Grafton. He made fools of the police, ran rings around the authorities. While he was on the run, he shot a video for *60 Minutes*, reviewed a film for 2JJ, left a message stuck to the door of the Sydney CIB, and fired bullets at the gun tower of Parramatta Jail.

He was a political soldier and an armed robber, a guerilla fighter for prisoners' rights, a chic hybrid of Ned Kelly and Che Guevara. He said he would give himself up if the prison system was reformed, and the screws who sytematically bashed prisoners were brought to justice.

He died a junkie, and a dog who bit every hand that had fed him, from Tim Anderson to the Prisoners Action Group to the women who loved him.

Raymond John Denning was born in April 1951, into the same generation as Paul Keating and Jimmy Barnes.

A dog's life

He was a friendless, illiterate ten-year-old with a father in prison, when his mother, a barmaid in a Wollongong hotel, doused herself in kerosene and burned herself to death.

After what he called "three years of hell" living with relatives in Nowra, Denning ran away to Sydney, slept at Central Station, moved into a flat with two girls at the Cross, and started stealing cars and robbing shops.

He did time for car theft at Mt Penang Boys Home near Gosford, where his punishment for trying to escape was to be made to stand up from 6am to 9pm for two months.

At Mt Penang, they believed in bashing sense into young offenders. It became a successful trade school for criminals. Denning later said, "I have met 75 percent of the 500 kids that I first met in Gosford in other jails since."

He was locked up in Longmore Boys Home, Perth, for trying to steal his fare back to Sydney, and then got two years in McNally Block House, South Australia, for vagrancy.

In 1972, he was arrested on a number of charges including armed robbery. He was sentenced to 13-and-a-half years with a five year non-parole period, and he was not to be legally out of prison until six weeks before he died.

Journalist and activist Wendy Bacon, who knew Denning well, says "he told me that he had given a boat to police to get bail the first time he was arrested." It was the first deal he did with the authorities, and the last one for several years. While serving time in Parramatta Jail, Denning was bashed and harassed by a gang of prison officers when he protested at their assault on another prisoner.

Denning's fate was written in blood on 14 September 1974.

A prison officer named Willy Karl Faber was on his way to the storeroom when he caught a group of prisoners with a ladder. Faber said Denning was among them.

"Denning came at me, swinging a carpenter's hammer. He said 'take that, you bastard' and hit me over the head, and after the hammer struck me I only saw a green blur," Faber later said in court.

Denning, then 24 years old, received a life sentence for malicious wounding. Four years later, Faber died of injuries resulting from the assault. Faber's last years were a nightmare of major surgery, epileptic fits and a cardiac arrest.

Denning always claimed not to have hit Faber, and that he was verballed with an unsigned confession. He claimed the severely brain-damaged Faber fingered him under instruction from the officers who hated him, and that he was not even involved in the escape attempt.

But his jailers despised him for what they thought he had done, and because he would stand up for other prisoners against a brutal regime where a "reception biff" was the new con's induction and a casual flogging was a weekly event.

As Denning would not knuckle under, he was labelled an "intractable", imprisoned in segregated "trac" sections, including the special trac prison, Katingal.

In November 1977, Denning broke out of Maitland Jail with six others. They chipped a tunnel through a concrete wall with forks and razor blades. They were recaptured the same day, after stealing a car and swimming part of the Hunter River to put a distance between themselves and the prison. He faced the escape charge in court with a shaved head and asked the judge not to call him Denning.

"A Tibetan spirit has taken me over and I am now called Lobsang Rampa," he said.

Denning's diaries describe how he was treated after Faber died. Denning was handcuffed then "screws grabbed me by the throat and hair and completely lifted me off the ground and threw me through the front gate. I [was] hit on the head with a baton ... grabbed by the hair by a screw ... dragged through two gates and down five stairs ... pulled to my feet and my head pulled back and shown a screw standing above me only about 10 feet away pointing a rifle [saying] 'make a move and I'll blow your fucking head off before you can blink an eye'. A screw then said 'blow his head off now'.

"I was then completely nude and ... there was about seven or eight screws who had batons ... they bashed me all over ... one of the screws [was] grabbing me around the head saying to his screw mates 'bash him to death' and they kept bashing me for about five minutes ... that sort of paralysed me as I couldn't talk or move ... [then two screws came] into my yard with their batons and they told me to get up or be killed. I slowly rose to my feet with the yard spinning around me and I lent on the wall. I was then given a hit on the leg and told to face the wall with my arms in the air ... I couldn't raise my arms [but] the two screws started bashing into my arms again ... the two screws left and they said, 'we'll hang you tonight, you bastard'."

Brett Collins first met Denning in the Paramatta Circle in the mid-Seventies. Collins spent almost ten years in prison after being "convicted on the basis of a verbal" for armed robbery.

"We were best friends over a long period," says Collins. Denning was "an exciting guy [with] heaps of spirit. He never let me down the whole period. He never once worked against me and I trusted him implicitly as he did with me.

"The Corrective Services has got an ability to make marvellous offerings to you and immediately move you out of the lowest jail in the state to freedom, to be with your girlfriend, to take drugs if you want to. That was implicitly offered to me often, and I've no doubt at all it was offered to Ray Denning often. They often tried to subvert the prisoners' organisation by trying to corrupt its leaders. Never once did Ray Denning accept any of the offers."

Denning was a leader by example of a movement that had gained a lifeblood from jailed draft resisters who brought their campaigning experience inside. Prisoners everywhere were in revolt, and conditions in Australia were as bad as any in the developed world.

Largely middle-class radical groups were making common cause with the trade unions and the old Left, changing the face of pressure politics. In Sydney, the BLF battled developers alongside local conservationists. In the jails, prisoners fought for their rights with the Prisoners Action Group and Women Behind Bars.

Women like Wendy Bacon, solicitor Virginia Bell and feminist writer Irina Dunn worked with Denning, Collins and a core of other prison activists.

"There's no doubt that during that period he suffered extreme punishment and maintained his spirit," says Bacon. "He had a lot of courage then."

Tim Anderson met Denning in Parramatta. "We exchanged books and magazines and thoughts," says Anderson. "I taught him meditation through the toilet system.

"He was a person who had a bit of go in him. He had a bit of drive. He had a bit of the fighter in him there for a while.

"He had this wide-eyed charm. He'd really be interested to hear things and really fascinated to see other people's points of view, but at the same time he had his own needs. He really wanted emotional contact with people. He leaned very heavily on Wendy and Virginia when they visited him. He was like a person who had lost a mother. He was a person who had lost a mother.

"When myself and a couple of friends got bashed, he confronted the superintendant himself. He was courageous, and it wasn't just for himself. He stuck his head out for other people."

Denning tried unsuccessfully to have prison officers charged with his bashing. He campaigned and complained relentlessly about conditions in prisons. He turned the Faber killing into a national political issue about "verballing" and the use of unsigned confessions. He got nowhere.

In April 1980, he rode out of Grafton Jail in the back of a garbage truck in a box headed for the incinerator. He was the first escapee to make it out of Grafton in 80 years.

During the next 18 months, Denning wrote his footnote in history. He took part in an armed robbery of $9300 from Sydney Mechanical Services in Glebe, made a gunpoint withdrawal of $202,650 from the NSW Bank at Summer Hill, and joined Russell "Mad Dog" Cox to net $327,622 in Queensland's biggest payroll robbery.

Sydney radio station 2JJ and ABC radio both broadcast tapes Denning had made about conditions in Grafton and Katingal. He named officers he accused of beating prisoners and said he would surrender if "all prison officers who have been proved to be bashers and committed any crimes against prisoners [are] charged under the same legal system as they want me charged."

In June 1980, Denning made his television debut. Wendy Bacon delivered a 35-minute black-and-white video tape to Channel 9's *60 Minutes* program, in which he gave the details of his own case and demanded that the "trac" sections be closed.

He flirted outrageously with capture, signing the visitors' book of a Sydney

Continued on page 101

TAXI DRIVERS FROM HELL

HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LOBBECKE

A guide to cabbies who drive you crazy

You know you're in trouble when you jump into a cab, say you're going to the North Shore and the taxi driver asks you how to get there. You say it's over the Harbour Bridge and the taxi driver asks "What bridge?"

Or you hail a taxi, collapse in the back seat praying for a chance to tune out and the driver revolves his head round *a la The Exorcist* asking, "Brother, have you heard the word of the Lord?"

A lot of people don't admit to this, but whenever they read about violence against taxi drivers being on the rise their first reaction is not always, "Oh how horrible." Sometimes people flush and their eyes glitter cruelly as they wonder whether the bastard who took them from the airport — via Afghanistan — to the CBD copped any of it. Or if one victim was possibly that moron who threatened to call the police after he couldn't change a $20 note.

To some people taxis are a convenient, safe and relatively luxurious way in which to get from A to B — hopefully without detouring through the rest of the alphabet.

But to other people, mostly cabbies, the humble taxi can serve as a portable pulpit, mobile psychiatrist's couch, soapbox on wheels or Pick-Up Girls vehicle. Or as a Tactical Response Unit — annihilating other motorists in order to get a job.

Cherishing an inner-vision of themselves as Urban Warriors, the wrath of these cabbies is easily aroused by stupid signs saying stuff like "Give Way To Pedestrians."

"I've been giving way to pedestrians my whole goddamn life," broods the road mercenary as he guns for the hapless hippy spacing out on the zebra crossing.

Other taxi drivers are of a philosophical bent. When they see a sign saying "No Right Turn" they want to know why this is so and what would be the rational consequences of ignoring such a command.

Though this thought process may take them several kilometres past the desired destination, it's a lesser-evolved passenger who doesn't understand the Zen of taxi driving.

Taxis

There are some divine taxi drivers who're professional, informed, sensitive, friendly and sane. These paragons know how to get one from A to B without inducing brain rot. Their taxis are air-conditioned and clean but without smelling of No Frills Lavender Forest air freshener.

I know all this because I actually caught one of them in 1989. Apparently another such specimen is being fought over by *Hinch*, *A Current Affair*, *Woman's Day* magazine and *The Christian Science Monitor* — who all want exclusive media rights to the driver's story.

And there's always taxi commanders competing in the "Last Night A Cabbie Saved My Life" category. These are the intrepid souls who'll pick up and deliver you (via the bank machine, bottle shop, Food Plus and a girlfriend's house for a drunken row) safely home. Next morning you may well wonder how the entire bill-paying budget blew on a single cab trip but you'll never be sure. Besides, imagine what could have happened had cab number 666 not hauled you out of the gutter just when you were about to pick a fight with the street cleaners.

At certain times in certain suburbs, taxis creepy-crawl past you to check out if one is tired and emotional (incoherently drunk) or not. Obviously the spectre of some utterly mongrelled maniac passed out in a puddle of his own vomit in the back seat is a fearsome one for cabbies.

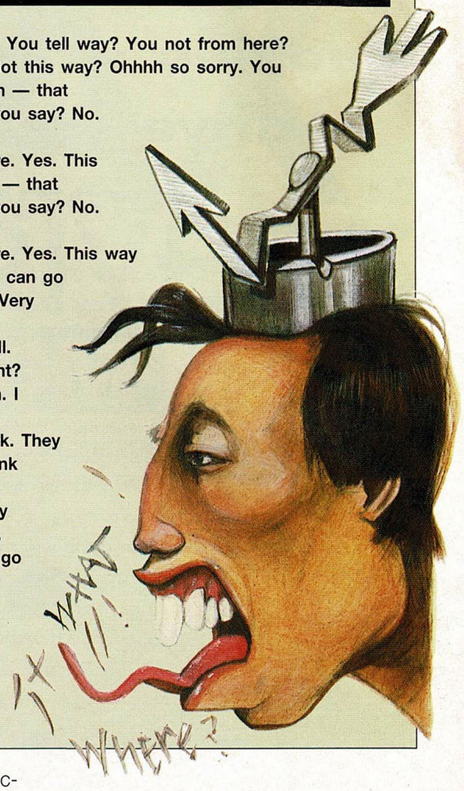
But often they're also checking out exactly how far you're going. ("So what if there's a hurricane and it's three in the morning — five lousy bucks ain't worth it.")

Or they want to know where you're trying to get to. ("I'm knocking off in half an hour and only taking jobs in the direction of Sylvania Waters mate.")

Then they decide if they want your fare or not, which is against the rules. This is why people phoning for cabs on busy nights often bullshit their heads off and lie they're going further (like from Kogarah to Canberra) rather than admit the jaunt's from Kogarah to the corner bottle shop and back.

The minor dishonesty ensures that rather than all/ the cabbies bickering over who's *not* going to take your fare — you'll have cab number 666 speedily on his way.

"I drive this taxi for the money to pay for my English lessons, driving lessons and to learn my way around the city"



"What you say? Where? Not know. You tell way? You not from here? Me also. I never hear of this place. "Not this way? Ohhhh so sorry. You go to Penrith? Oh. Palm Beach? Ahhh — that Punchbowl way? What wrong? What you say? No. Brother-in-law taxi car. What?
"This is right way. I go one time before. Yes. This way to Penrith. Oh, Palm Beach? Ahh — that Punchbowl way? What wrong? What you say? No. Brother-in-law taxi car. What?
"This is right way. I go one time before. Yes. This way Penrith. Very nice. Must go tunnel. No can go bridge. I drive for ten days now. Yes. Very good. Why you scream?
"No not know which way now. You tell. What you want? We go. What you want? To get out? No. We go to Palm Beach. I come from very good place.
"Government no good. No can go back. They shoot me. What you say? Why you think that good idea?
"What this place? Parramatta? You say you tell way. Australia very nice place. You say this place. You say here .... I go here. What wrong. Now you pay. Australia very nice place. You pay. What? You go Penrith? Oh — Palm Beach. Which way? You tell. Why you going? You pay fare. It is there on the meteor — $47.65. Why you say this not Palm Beach? You pay.

"I don't drive this taxi for the money. I just can't afford therapy"

Imagine you're insane and on a limited income. Why pay good money towards some shrink's summer house in Byron Bay or Portsea when you can become a cabbie and get cash in hand for treating yourself? Sure, not every passenger will be as up to date with modern mental crisis management or the current status of electro-convulsive shock therapy as the psychiatrist. But what the hell? You're getting paid to disengorge your myriad traumas and receive a variety of second and third opinions for free.

When to jump cab

Taxi drivers pride themselves on being street-smart savvy creatures. And they *are*. If they notice that you're drunkenly swinging along like an urban ape, from lamppost to lamppost, or that you're being hotly pursued by a female with an axe, they won't stop and pick you up.

But how can passengers be sure they don't have to play village peasant, interpreter, clinical psychologist, diplomat and/or navigator for the entire journey?

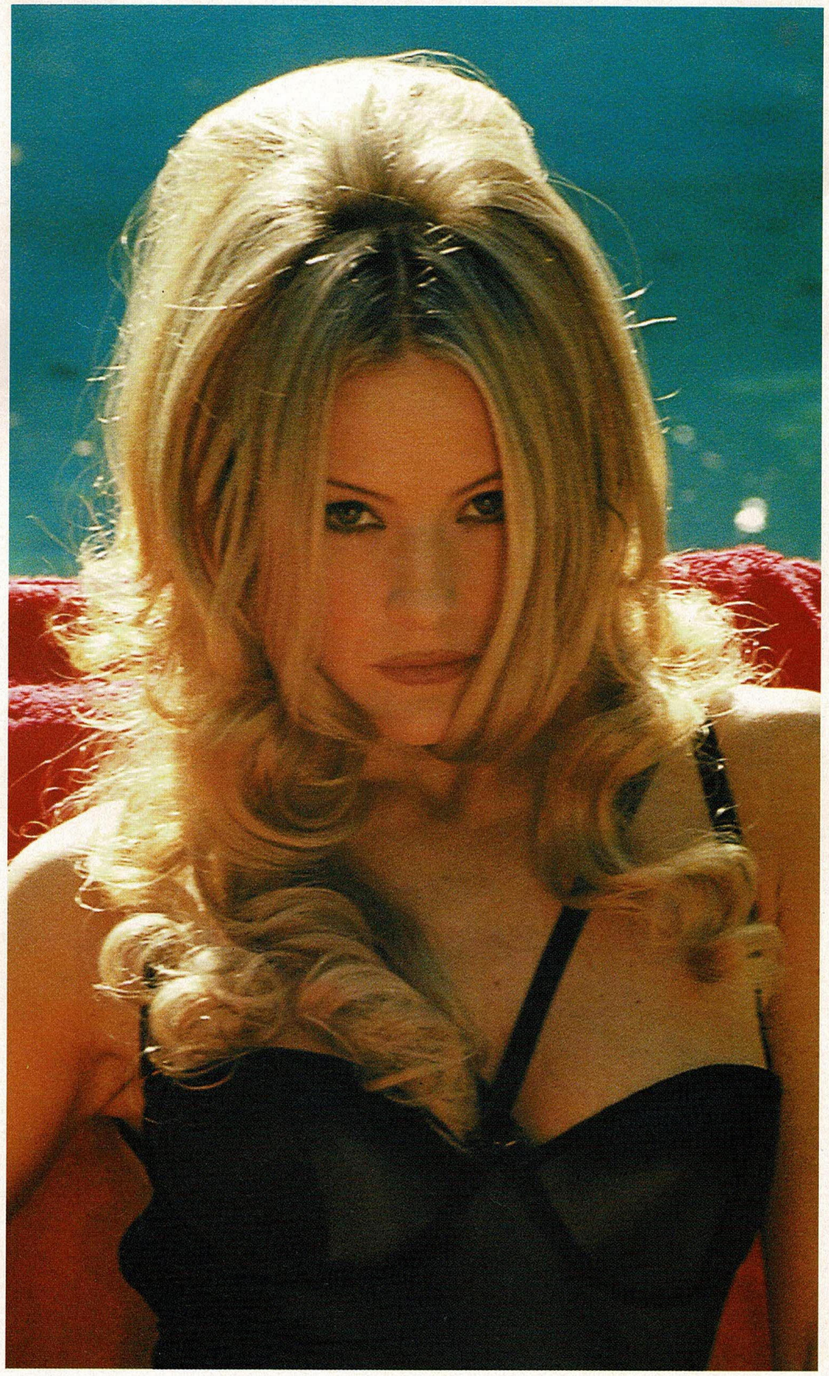
You can't. You won't know a thing about the calibre of the being temporarily in charge of your life and sanity till the flag falls, the meter starts, the doors lock down and you roar off into hyperspace.

Get out immediately if:

*You notice a stack of Fundamentalist Christian/Scientology pamphlets, and as you get in the driver clears his throat.

*The taxi driver expresses absolute astonishment at the concept of there

Continued on page 109



Perfectly cut out

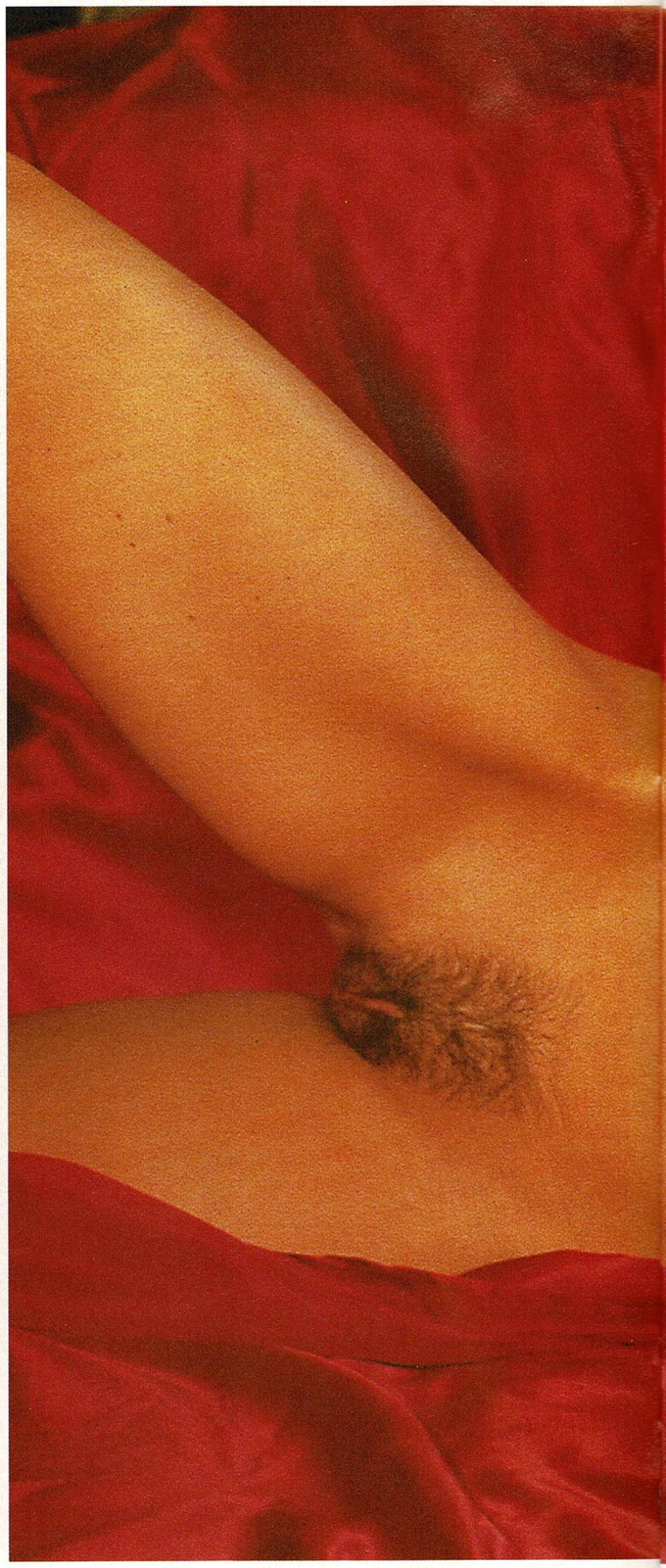
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

jane

Beautiful Jane Chambeyron was born in rural Victoria but now calls Sydney home. Jane is a hairdresser and beauty therapist who spends her free time burning rubber on her motor bike.

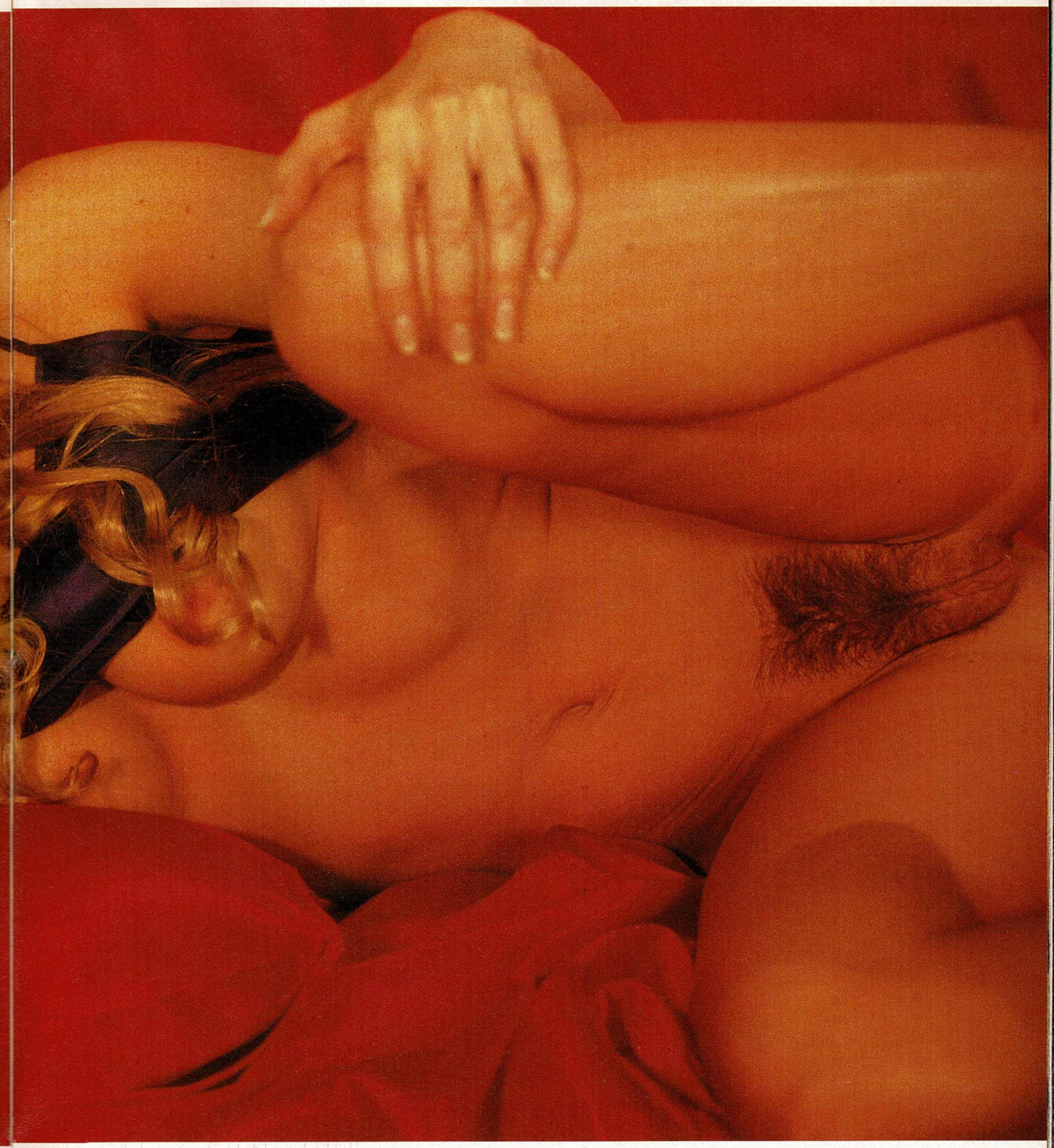
The blonde 25-year-old confesses to being a fan of old black and white films but her favourite of all-time would have to be *Ben-Hur*.

When asked about what she wants in a man she replies without hesitation. "I like easygoing, kind and gentle men. Not the kind who are full of themselves. It also helps if they have a trim body and a tight butt."



As far as her favourite sexual fantasy goes, Jane admits that it would involve "being covered in chocolate from head to toe and having it licked off."

Ten years from now Jane plans to be living close to the beach in North Queensland and "enjoying life to its fullest."



Shoot to Kill

BY TODD COLE
PHOTOS BY PAUL MCIVER

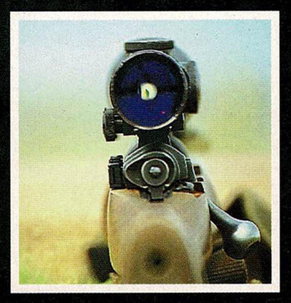
It takes more than a good shot to be a sniper

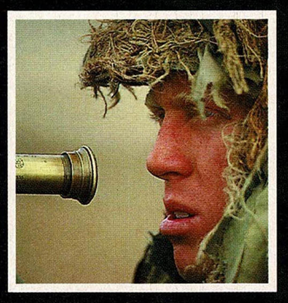
Cameron "Yogi Bear" Innes is 19 years old. Yogi wouldn't look out of place at a dance party or decked out in roller-blades. He jokes with his mates and has the signature carefree attitude of youth. If it wasn't for the huge Bowie knife strapped to his waist, the camouflaged uniform and the high-powered rifle in his hands, Yogi could be your average teenager. But Yogi Bear isn't your average teenager, he's a trainee sniper in the Australian Army. And he's being trained to stalk and kill men from a distance of up to 1000 metres.

Snipers are one of the most maligned professions among all military occupations. Because they operate alone or in pairs, and are usually under the direct command of the commanding officer, they are simultaneously glorified and resented by their own infantry. To the enemy, their work is considered cowardly, criminal and murderous, even in times of war.

Part of the malice snipers attract is due to their ability to bring down the highest. Evidently during the American War of Independence — the war that gave birth to sniping — an English sniper took a bead on the back of an American general's head. Because the general had his back turned the Englishman let chivalry prevail and didn't pull the trigger. That general was George Washington.

Yogi Bear has just shot a bullseye (a 100mm circle) at 800 metres — a remarkable shot in anyone's books. He struts around like he's just won a pool comp, full of bluster and disbelief. One of the instructors, Warrant Officer Sugg, bets him a rum and Coke he can't do it again. Yogi lays down on the computerised firing range and squeezes off a shot. He stands up and says to Sugg, "So do you want that in a middie or a schooner?"





The average age of a sniper trainee is 21. It's easy to forget that these men are a select group in the army. To simply attempt the sniper course they have undergone a pre-selection back at their battalion, often outdoing 20 or more candidates. Now they compete among 20 other candidates in a six-week intensive course often with a 50-percent failure rate to become a sniper — one of the most maligned professions in the military. One has to ask: why?

The trainees are told to locate and eliminate a target

"Most of them want the badge, the crossed rifles of a sniper on their uniform," says Sugg. And yes, many do want the badge, but this is the Nineties and these men are career-oriented.

"Being a sniper is a stepping stone to the Special Air Service," says one trainee who refused to give his name.

"I'd like to be in the Special Police Group when I get out. I figure this will help," said another.

"I'm doing it for myself — for the challenge," said a man who is doing the course for the second time. Their reasons are as individual as they are. And individual they are. Their operating uniforms are called "yowie" suits. The sniper makes his own suit by sewing AUSpat cams (the camouflage uniform worn by the Australian army designed specifically for the Australian bush) with torn hessian.

The yowie suit's purpose is to break up the outline of the sniper from his prey. But seen all together, they are fashion statements. Leather gangland-style mittens and baseball caps (camouflaged of course), and unique camouflage make-up all work to personalise each trainee.

But hang on, isn't this the army? Isn't "self" a four-letter word?

"A sniper must be able to operate effectively by himself, so we don't discourage a certain amount of individuality. In fact that's the hardest part of the training," says Sugg. "These guys have been trained to operate as part of a big team for a couple of years. We have to partly remove that instinct and get them to think for themselves before they become effective as snipers."

But the most individual part of the sniper is his weapon. The Australian Army uses the Parker Hale Model 82 bolt action rifle. — a target rifle by design. Mounted on top is a 6x42 telescopic sight with a reticle crosshair pattern. It is an old weapon, first introduced in 1979. Its main drawback is that it has a hard time handling the rigorous conditions imposed on it by sniping.

But soon, the sniping cell is told, the bureaucratic wheels will grind into motion and they will have a more practical weapon. They hope. Trials begin next year.

One interesting idea mooted is the introduction of a .50 calibre sniper rifle. The Parker Hale is to the .50 calibre, what a Chinese arm burn is to a kick in the nuts. One of the primary advantages of a .50 cal bullet, which is a derivative of the round off the Browning heavy machine-gun, is that it has a flat, even trajectory. A .50 calibre rifle can hit a target at 1500 metres accurately, while the Parker Hale can only reach 800 metres with any accuracy. A rifle with such distance would be ideal for dominating areas of open bushy plains, with only moderate cover — like a lot of the terrain in Australia.

The .50 calibre round is the size of two rolls of five-cent pieces on top of each other and can penetrate an armoured personnel carrier. What it does to a human body doesn't need describing.

But for the time being the trainee snipers carry around the standard issue Parker Hale. Not that it looks issue. True to form, each sniper has painted, hung hessian off, and personalised his weapon to blend in with the look of his camouflage.

The first five weeks at sniper school are a repetitive grind to learn the six basic

Previous page: A sniper's camouflage makes him almost invisible to his target. Clockwise from top left: Targets at 100 metres on the range; the view through the 6x42 telescopic sight of a man-size target at 100 metres; a sniper trainee waiting for the moment of truth; a sniper's observer watches the fall of shot on the computerised firing range; an attempt to camouflage the telescopic scope, one of the hardest parts of the sniper's rifle to conceal.

skills of sniping. Firstly they practice camouflage and concealment. They conceal themselves in the bush in a given area and an instructor sits a distance away and tries to locate them with binoculars. If he can't, they can shoot him, with a blank. If he still can't see them they shoot again and then identify a number card, just to prove they aren't cheating. If they get the number correct, they've won.

Secondly they judge distances over 100 to 1000 metres. Self explanatory really, but a lot more difficult than it sounds. This is important for setting the range on their sights. One hundred metres out in judging distance over 500 metres and you're ten centimetres off your target — a miss if you're aiming at someone's head.

Thirdly they practice observation. Objects are placed in a given arc and the snipers scour the landscape for them with a telescope. Sound easy? Nuh. Pens are put in trees. Camouflage canteens are hidden in deep, long grass. "A sniper must learn to look for the unusual," said one of the instructors. "This is paramount because a great portion of their time is spent watching and gathering information."

Fourthly, they hone their navigation skills learnt in the infantry. Should the day come when these guys are shooting for real on the two-way range, they must know where their target is and where they are.

Fifthly, they stalk the instructors. Stalking is pretty much the culmination of all the skills into one exercise. It's really a game of cat and mouse, but the mouse has a gun.

The trainees are told to locate and eliminate a target — an instructor. If the failure rate of the stalks that I saw is any indication (about 80 percent), then this is a very difficult exercise.

Lastly, shooting is practiced. Surprisingly, this skill is held as the least difficult to achieve. There's a saying that goes: all snipers are good shots, but all good shots are not snipers.

After five and a half weeks of this, the snipers get tested for the coveted crossed rifles badge. It all comes down to one moment of truth, much like it would in reality.

"We've seen guys come in and do great all the way through the course," says Sugg, "and on the day they fuck up big time. It's the pressure. But that's a part of the job."

Surely it works the other way too? "Yeah, occasionally. Some guy looks hopeless all the way through and then, on the day, he pulls it out of the bag. It's unusual but some people handle the pressure better than others."

The pressure shows. Ideally, a sniper must be a non-smoker. When these trainee snipers come back from a two-hour stalk, most of them light-up, and then light another off the burning butt as they stand around in solemn deliberation.

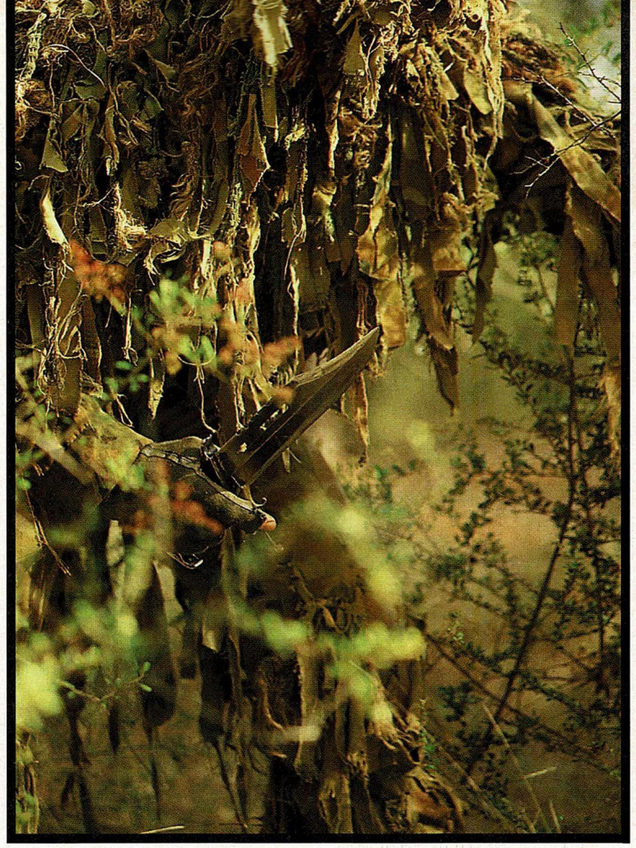
Many of the snipers are from the country, and have grown up with guns and the bush.

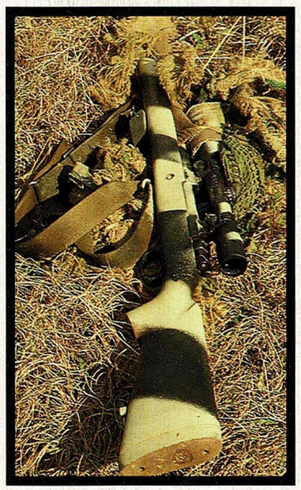
Yet it's not unusual for a city bloke whose only hunting experience has been in nightclubs to do really well on the course either.

It's difficult to distil the essential personal attribute down to one quality. The army toes the party line citing intelligence, field-craft, fitness...blah..blah...blah. But it was one of the soldiers in the back of an army truck bouncing along a road in the middle of nowhere at eight in the morning that gave the best indication of what it really takes to be a sniper. He was 19. The night before he'd been "socialising" til two in the morning.

So what's it take to be a sniper? "I don't know," he said looking off into the middle distance, "but whatever it is, I'm going to find it. If not this year, then the next. I'll find it."

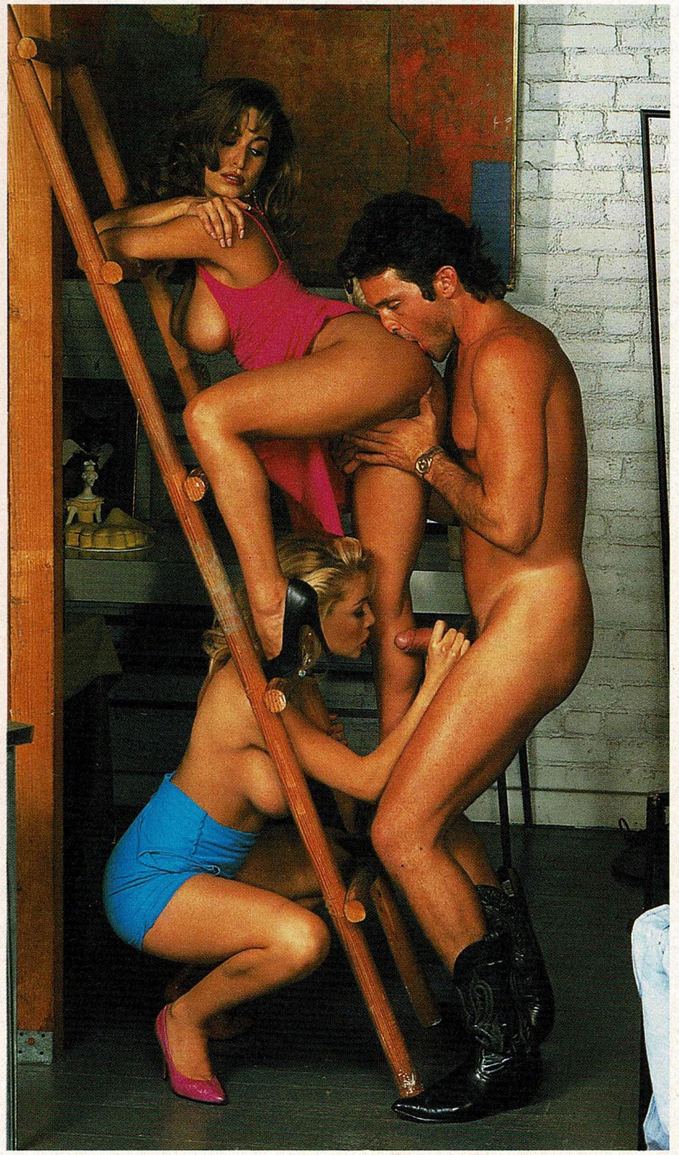
The Parker Hale is to the .50 calibre, what a Chinese arm burn is to a kick in the nuts





Clockwise from top left: A student cuts foliage to enhance his camouflage; the tension of the course becomes evident; a sniper's observer uses a 10x telescope to spot for his shooter; two examples of the "yowie" suit; rifles are individualised and "camed" up.

Triad



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Mike, Shelly and Carol had been setting up their new furniture store all weekend and were just about to leave for the day when Shelly suggested they relax for a while before going home.

Being good friends the threesome had no objections to spending more time with one another and soon they were chatting about their personal lives.

As the conversation became more and more steamy, Shelly asked Mike how he felt about sharing the two girls. Mike responded in the boldest way possible and soon they were shedding their clothes as quickly as they could.

Carol and Shelly were not only interested in Mike, they also indulged in feminine pleasures as Mike looked on in stunned anticipation.

Eventually Mike made love to them both in every sensual variation their excited bodies would allow. On and on their sexual adventures continued and their cries of pleasure and satisfaction filled their new store.

When they opened for business the next day, the shop had been given an unforgettable christening.

Heroin skeletons huddle under street-

lights, smoking and waiting. Homeless ex-

cons with tattooed faces loiter on the steps

of red brick hostels, bumming cigarettes.

Mad drunks stumble and swear, and piss

wherever they feel like it.

Asian speculators duck into Chinese

gambling houses. If they leave lucky, they

might peel off a bill for the working girls in

Cold Steel

A fight with a knife is a dance with death

the red-light terraces. Sweatshops run late

shifts, sewing clothes that sell in Sydney

factory shops for Bangkok market prices.

The backstreets of Surry Hills are among

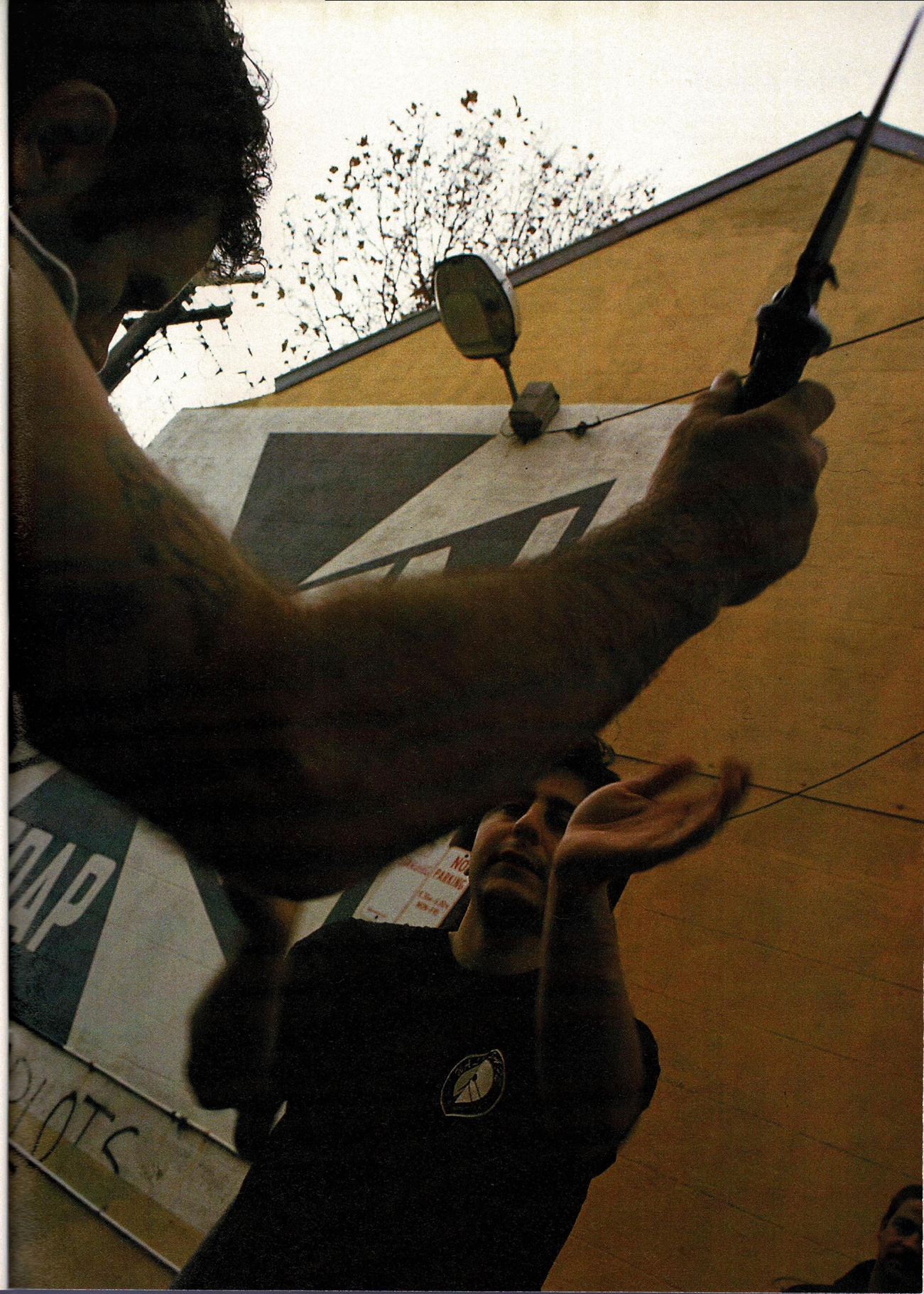
the worst in inner Sydney. If you're going to

be stabbed by a stranger, it will happen

somewhere like this.

BY MARK DAPIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE BROWN



Cold steel

In front of a lock-up garage, behind Tiffany's, on a corner beneath a lamppost, Perry Gamsby, the proprietor of the Australian School of the Knife, takes his students through Filipino knife-fighting drills. Cars pass by, forcing the combatants onto the kerb. Just as in real life, the drivers don't stop.

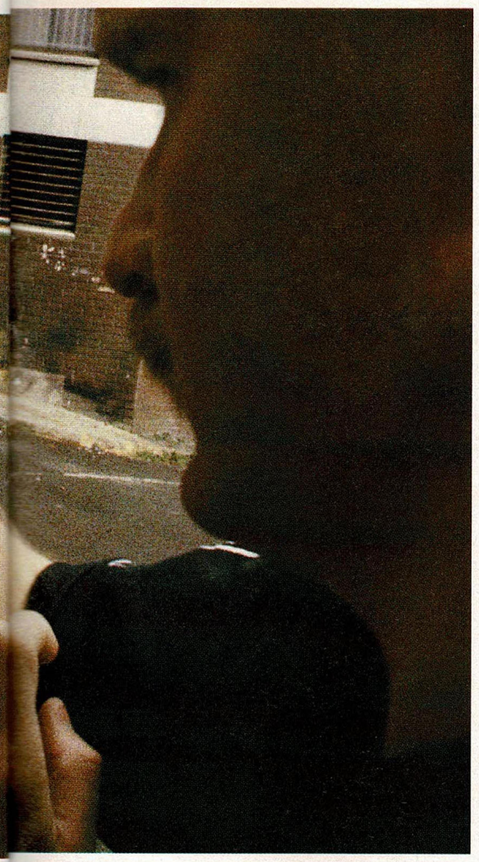
Gamsby doesn't stand on ceremony. He is the only martial arts instructor I've seen teach with a knife in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth.

The class take breaks to parody Bruce Lee noises, and practice a different bow every night. As they train, students periodically accuse each other of "insulting my family and insulting the Shaolin Temple".

The School of the Knife is a specialised offshoot of Gamsby's training in the Filipino martial art of arnis, a system of fighting with open hands and weapons that he also teaches from his garage gym.

A former soldier, Gamsby knows knives well.

"The day I left the army," he says, "I started at BBC Hardware as a store security manager. The ex-prison officer who showed me the ropes yelled, 'Quick! Outside!' I ran out and there were two crims who'd stolen Stay-sharp carving knives, which they were gonna use in a hold up to get drug money. This guy had one under his jumper in its little sheaf. He lifted up his jumper, and it all went into slow motion. He came in for my guts and I did the crossblock that never works [a widely discredited karate move]. Well, it worked for me. I slammed him into the window and smacked him down on the ground and took the knife off him.



"This bus rolled up and an old grannie leaned out of the window and shouted, 'Get the bastard into the office and beat the shit out of him!'

"In the office he had another go at us. I whacked him one more time, he kicked the door off its hinges. That was my first day as a civilian. I thought, 'Oh, fuck this'."

Gambsy had a short, undistinguished army boxing career — four fights with one win and two disqualifications. "I'm not really a sportsman," he admits.

He took self-defence courses in the military, and later studied kyokushinkai karate and ju-jitsu. Working as a bouncer, he discovered which techniques were useful and which just looked good.

He guarded the door at top people's places like the Sydney Regent, and spit and semen bloodhouses like the Oxford Tavern in Petersham. "The Oxford is better," he says. "At least they know they're arseholes in there.

"There was a blue just about every night, and most of the guys we were fighting were Tongans and Islanders — you've never seen a small one. I found that whacking them in the kidneys and knees works well, but you try putting a wristlock on a guy with wrists like that" — Gambsy mimes the width of a drainpipe, and shakes his head.

A friend introduced him to Filipino knife-fighting — a slashing, shifting, graceful, deadly dance — and asked him what he would do if he came up against that.

"I thought, fuck, what would I do?" he says.

He decided to get to know his enemy.

"To properly understand any object, you have to be able to use it," says Gamsby. "You've got to use a weapon if you want to defend against it."

There are thought to be over 100 styles of martial arts in the Philippines, usually categorised under arnis, kali and escrima.

Bladework was unwittingly introduced by the Spanish invaders of the early sixteenth century. On the island of Mactan in the province of Cebu, chieftan Lapu Lapu and his people beat back the steel of Magellan's men with pieces of rattan and hardwood sticks. Magellan the conquistador was killed, but he left behind memories of sword and dagger fighting. The Filipinos absorbed and adapted it, learned how to employ it to defeat it.

When the Spanish returned with guns, the Filipinos lost their sovereignty, but not their style.

"They're still fighting this way today," says Gamsby.

"In one of the barrios I was sitting in a taxi, when I looked out and there were these two guys. One pushed, and the other one pulled out a knife, and he stepped back and pulled his knife out, and it was sort of whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, and they both backed off, cut all over the place, hurled abuse and walked off. We're talking about seven seconds."

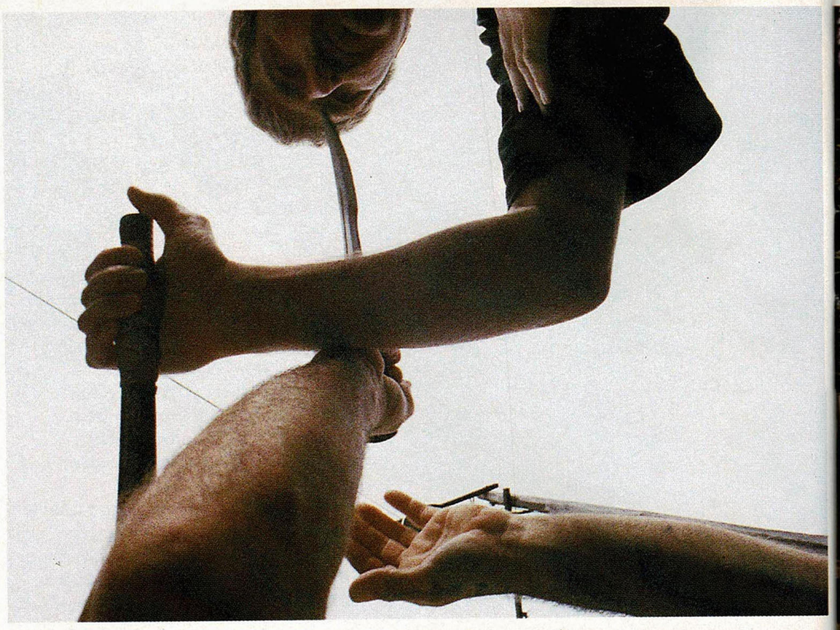
In the back seat of another Filipino taxi, stuck in traffic, with windows open to let the pollution in, Gamsby noticed a man carrying a butterfly knife, open in a reverse grip. Gamsby saw that he would go first for the cab-driver, then for the gringo. Gamsby thrust open the door and knocked the armed man onto his back, then shouted at the driver to pull off quickly. "All of a sudden this taxi got about four inches wide and squeezed through this gap," laughs Gamsby.

When they reached their destination, "the driver wouldn't take any money from me, and he showed me all the scars on his arms and his throat from when he had been held up before," he says.

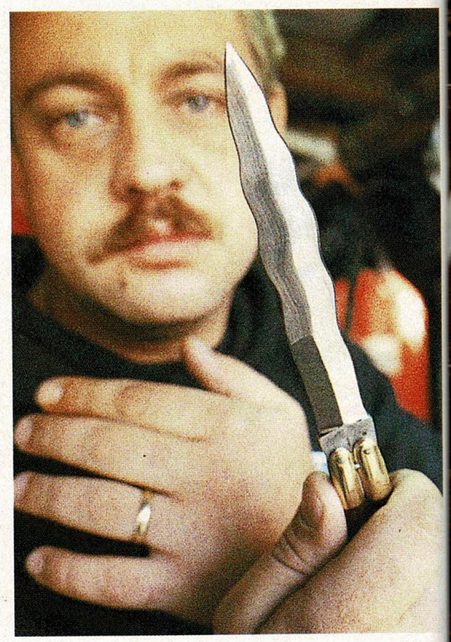
Traditional weapons still feature in Filipino street crime. At Clarke Air Base in Angeles City, a gringo with a gold Rolex was approached by two men on a motorbike. The pillion passenger carried a machete and a bucket. As the bikers passed, they sliced off his hand at the wrist, and the watch dropped into the bucket.

"The guy was just standing there holding his stump," says Gansby. "I met his mate in a bar the next day. He was in shock, and it wasn't even his arm. He said, 'all they had to do was show us the machete, we'd've given the watch, our wallets, our clothes'."

Cold steel



Weapons have power. Sometimes all you need to do is show them to win.



Weapons have power. Sometimes all you need to do is show them to win.

Gamsby sought out a Filipino trainer and found arnis master Sam Corral. He studied on a one-on-one basis. No money changed hands. Gamsby calls it an "uncle and nephew-type thing". They trained in parks and backyards, with no formal syllabus and no gradings. Traditional arnis does not use belt rankings.

Gamsby had a certificate printed up and signed by Corral, saying that he is a "black belt", but his "authority to teach" comes in the form of his instructor's favourite weapon.

Corral was an activist in the anti-Marcos underground, and the bahiwood sticks Gamsby cherishes are "the actual fighting sticks that Sam used to use in his street battles with the Marcos riot police".

The sticks would carry placards in demonstrations until the paramilitaries attacked, then they would be stripped of their slogans and used to defend the crowd.

Gamsby reluctantly developed a hierarchy of coloured belts to meet the expectations of western students.

"If you want to know where my black belt is" says Gamsby, "it's in my punching bag. I needed a bit more padding, so my black belt's in the bag, finally getting some use.

"For all I know, half the kanji characters on black belts probably say 'Dickhead Aussie' or something. You don't know. The guy [wearing it] probably can't read Japanese. Most Japanese can't read all their characters."

Dramatic arnis work with the balisong, or butterfly knife, features in Steven Seagal's surprise film success, *Under Siege*. Seagal makes the knife breakdance, jump and jive, open and close like a pair of legs, and flip into itself.

Most balisong techniques are "just for show," says Gamsby.

"We want to give good, serious, street-effective knife-training. We want people to be able to study knife-fighting's history, look at other styles, their weaknesses and strengths."

He looks at the Biddle-Styers school, which he describes as "trying to fence with a six-inch blade." He also covers the Fairbairn-Sykes style, after which the British commando knife was named, and the Applegate System, which spawned the Applegate-Fairbairn knife.

Gamsby has made a video, *Cold Steel Survival*, in which he cuts a shank of lamb down to the bone with one slash of a three-inch pocket knife. However you use it, a blade means business. Gamsby teaches defence based on the principles of sacrifice and kill.

To sacrifice, he says, "slow the knife down, even if you slow it down on your own arm" and "get your body out of the path of the weapon — if nothing else, this prevents you from being stabbed."

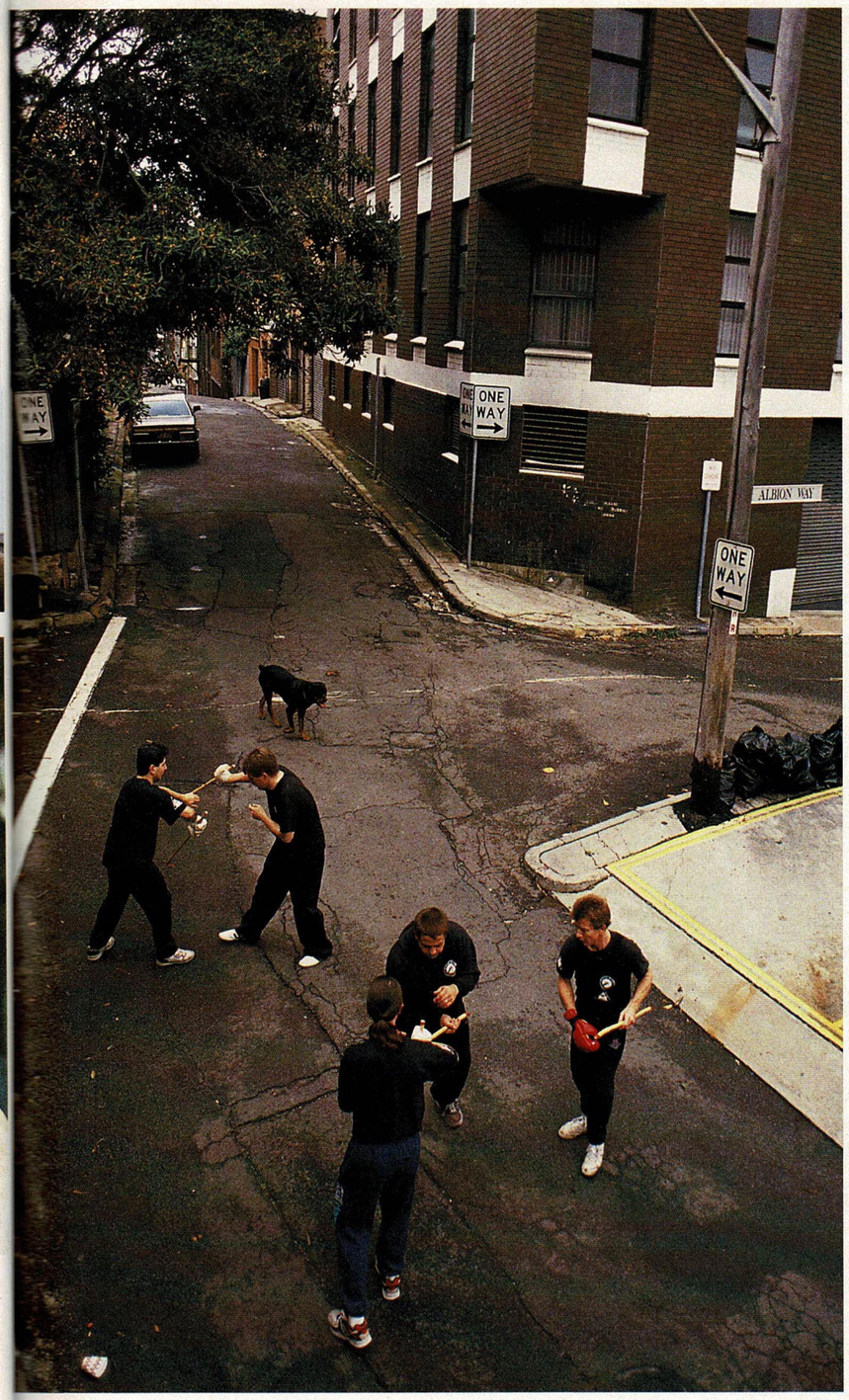
Then "re-direct the weapon, stop it, push it away, grab it, whatever" and "neutralise the delivery — take the man out by the quickest means." Gamsby favours strikes to the eyes and throat.

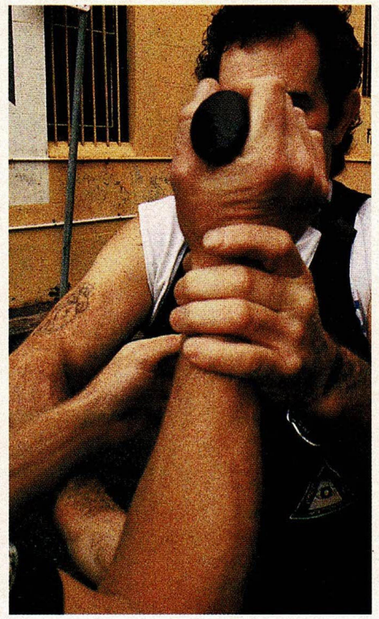
Knife threats are either static or dynamic. A static attacker holds out his weapon and makes a demand. Dynamic attacks, when the knife is in motion, are "really hard" to counter, says Gamsby. "But if the knife's static, it's being used for two reasons — to control and intimidate you. If he wanted to use the knife to kill you, you'd already be dead. At that point in time, his aim is to get money from you, to get you in and out of a car or a building, to lie you down so he can rape you."

Gamsby demonstrates some simple and effective-looking replies to a static knife threat. They might work — in some situations, and that's all Perry Gamsby claims for them.

His students train knife-against-knife, in a game of reflex and coordination.

"Knife fights are so rare in Australia," says Gamsby. "Even in prison, where there's more edged weapon violence than anywhere else, you don't see knife on knife. You see one guy having the shit stabbed out of him by another bloke while about ten guys hold him down and another ten guys keep an eye out for the warden. It's the same thing on the street — you get a whole bunch of your friends and just stab the bloke, and he doesn't get a chance to pull a knife out."





Sam Corral told a story about two men about to fight with knives. One took out his blade, slashed into his own forearm and said, "There, I'm already cut, let's go."

"That's serious shit," says Gamsby. But it is not a situation you're likely to encounter.

It is not illegal to carry a small knife around. "There's no law against carrying anything really," says Gamsby. "I can do grievous bodily harm with a cigarette lighter. There's no law against carrying a cigarette lighter, but there is a law against using it as an offensive weapon.

"You can carry a knife, but you can't carry it for self-defence. If the attacker dies when you use it on them — and there's a damn good chance that they will — then it's premeditated.

"I don't carry a knife for self-defence," he says. "I carry a knife for the fact that I cut a lot of things, like oranges, cardboard, paper, tape.

"If somebody comes at me with a knife, I won't even think about the knife in my pocket," says Gamsby. "I won't have time. I'll be too busy thinking about his knife."

Fourteen years ago, in an alley narrower and darker than the one Gambsy trains in, I was walking with a mate behind a man who was obviously pissed.

I didn't want to pass him, so I whispered, "drop back," which my friend heard as "overtake".

Sandwiched in the alley, the bloke turned to me, pulled out a long, thin blade, and smiled, "After you."

I can still hear him. I've seen a bit of knife-work since. I've watched a big man's confidence dry up and die when a kid pulled a switchblade on him. I've watched a boy get his cheeks slashed with a lock-knife.

I've seen kung fu and karate demonstrations, where the knife is turned back on the attacker.

Knowing what I know now, if the same thing happened to me today, I'd do exactly what I did then — turn on my toes and run like fuck.

Gamsby didn't have that luxury in July of this year when he was accosted on a Manila street by a transsexual who threatened to cut Gamsby's testicles off. The Sydneysider had his own knife open and ready ... and he still has his balls.

Perry Gamsby can be contacted on (02) 281 1032.

VICTORY CELEBRATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Ricky had just finished his game of football and was on a high as he entered the change room victorious. He was surprised to find Erin waiting for him.

Many times he had looked at Erin as she performed in the cheerleading squad but he had no idea that she was interested in him.

But now in the deserted change room, she made it very clear that she intended to celebrate the victory with him in the most intimate way imaginable.

Erin was surprised to find that Ricky still had so much stamina and strength and the adrenalin still running through his body only served to pump him up even more.

The two athletes made the most of their agility and endurance as they feasted on each other's bodies. There was not an inch of flesh that their tongue's did not explore and when they made love the pleasure was almost unbearable.

CARANAC

BIKE

Bride

Continued from page 37

riage is "genuine".

While the Immigration Department says it can't thoroughly legislate for genuine foreign marriages, experts on the subject says that's exactly what the Government must do.

Dr Robyn Iredale, of the University of Wollongong, co-authored a policy recommendation paper for the Immigration Department last year. That paper concentrated on the issue of serial sponsorship, and the abuse of the fiancee visas. Fiancee visas allow Australian men to bring a foreign fiancee to this country on the proviso that he marry the woman within six months, or the visa lapses. Serial sponsors are known to bring a woman to Australia and then dump her before the six months has elapsed which means the woman must leave the country. The serial sponsor will then go back to The Philippines and do the same again. One serial sponsor has been known to do this seven times.

Dr Iredale wants Immigration Department computer databases to track not only foreign spouses, but the men who make more than one application for foreign spouses or fiancees.

While she says most of her research focuses on abused wives from South-East Asia, the senior research fellow at the Department of Multicultural Studies says she is not surprised that some men feel ripped off by their brides because South-East Asian women see marriage as an economic institution as much as a social one.

She says one of the concerns of Australian men is the Asian habit of hoarding money and sending it back to relatives in Manila or Bangkok. "That's a big form of income to the family back home."

While some Australian men may feel they are getting a "sex kitten" when they marry, Dr Iredale says there's also something in it for the Asian bride.

"Countries like The Philippines are very poor. The women are often looking for income for the family or migration to a better life. So when they see a rich white guy, they want to marry him."

Iredale says Australian men are sought-after by South-East Asian women because they have a reputation of fidelity in marriage as opposed to the Asian custom of husbands having mistresses and regularly visiting brothels.

Des Cahill — Professor of Inter-Cultural Studies at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology — says that with 500,000 immigration inquiries made to Australian authorities last year, the government needs mechanisms for dealing with increased inter-cultural marriage.

In some European countries, Asian brides can have audits done on the man they are marrying to ensure that he is who he says he is. In Japan, a man wanting to marry a foreigner must give proof of employment, salary and criminal and medical history.

Professor Cahill says Australians are very proud of their right to marry whoever they want, and it would be harder to bring in such laws in this country.

He has recently finished a study of 180 married couples in Japan, Switzerland and Australia where the wife is a Filipino. He compared that to another study of 60 Australian/Australian marriages.

Cahill says the survey showed foreign-married Filipino women were happier in Australia than they were in Japan or Switzerland. Philippine women like Australia to the tune of 1500 brides to these shores every year for the last decade.

He says the claim that most Australian/Philippine marriages fail is a myth, and that the failed marriage and domestic violence rates are equivalent to Australian/Australian mariages, although still greater than the Filipino would expect in her own country.

Cahill says it is hard to comment on individual cases of Asian wives divorcing recently married Australian men, but he says it is possible that some of these women are thinking of the financial benefits. He points to the "migrant mentality" of Philippine women who are educated and want better lives; the fact that besides the complaints of domestic violence, a significant complaint of Filipino brides in Australia is that their new husbands were not as rich as they said they were; the Asian custom of sending money back to the family and the fact that Asian brides wanting to vet prospective husbands in Norway and Japan want information on the man's income and assets.

But Cahill says if some Australian men are annoyed with their treatment by Asian brides, there are Asian women less than impressed with the behaviour of some Australian men.

"Some Australian men have this image of Asian women as 'sex kittens'. This is a false impression and can lead to many problems. In the Philippines especially, women are well educated and are very independent."

Australian men can mistake their demure behaviour for inferiority or subservience but the Philippines has a strong tradition of the woman warrior and woman priest, Cahill says.

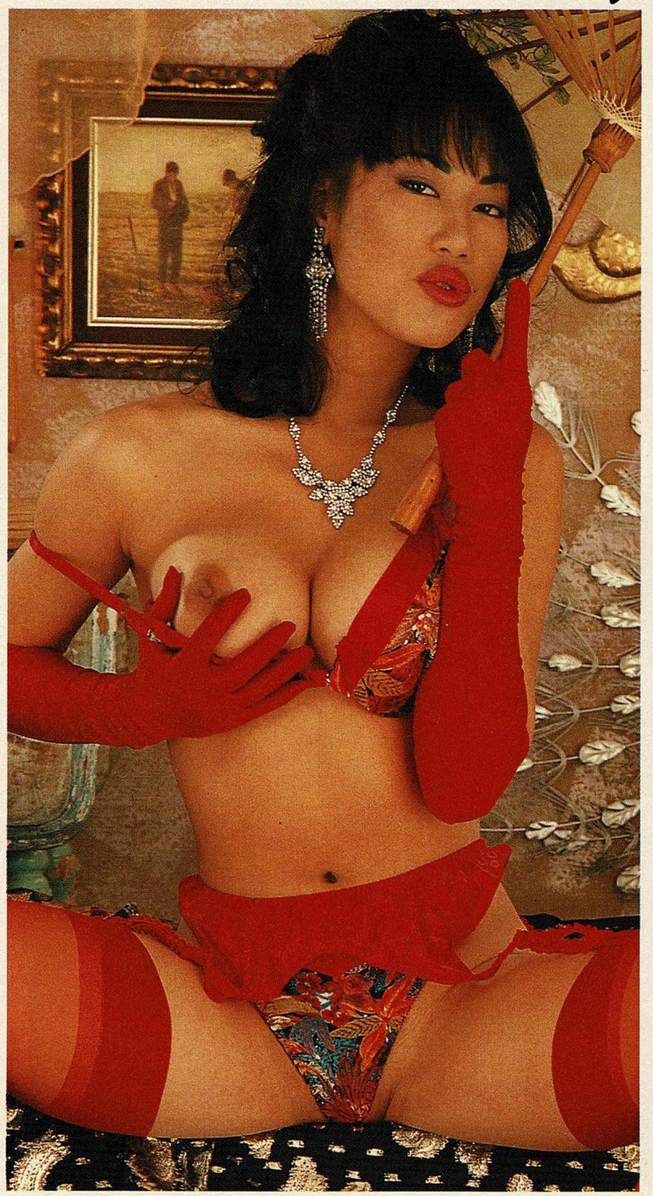
He says some Australian men lie about their marital status, their incomes, their offspring and age.

"I heard one case where the Filipino arrived at her new home to discover she was mother to five children. That couple are actually very happy now."

He says there is a significant "type" of Australian man who is most likely to cause the Filipino bride problems. He is the divorced man who finds Australian women too aggressive and may also have a drinking problem. He is also less educated than his Filipino bride.

Professor Cahill says this type of Australian is often the wife-basher but he could just as easily be a victim of a

Tokyo ROSE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Mimi Miyagi is a combination of the best of the East and West. The 24-year-old was born in the Orient but has since called London, Paris and New York home.
Mimi confides that she likes tall, sun-bronzed men who hang around the beach a lot.
"There's just something about a brown, rippled body that gets me every time," she says with a wink.

Mimi keeps her body in shape with regular visits to the gym and the masseur. “My ultimate indulgence is an aromatherapy massage. It soothes and balances the mind, body and the soul. Any man who knows how to give a great massage is always welcome at my place.”

Hidden Obsessions (X)

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Bride

manipulating woman.

"It's not talked about. The problem-men we are talking about could either be the social derelict or the victim. It all depends which way you colour it. But, that the man can be the victim is definitely a part of the story; it's part of the social picture.

"I'm sure there are Asian women who abuse our immigration laws, just as there are Australian men who abuse their access to foreign brides."

The professor says Australia probably has some of the the kindest immigration laws of any country.

"In Switzerland they just kick the foreigner out once she leaves the local husband; same in Germany. There's no talk about residency or citizenship or family courts."

Such information is cold comfort to men like Dave.

He met his wife after a Chinese employee of his suggested he write to her sister. A few months of correspondence passed and Dave was talked into visiting Shanghai for a week on his way home from a holiday in Thailand, with the purpose of meeting the sister.

Dave landed in China in February 1992 and was met by the family. The sister, X, took Dave to bed and then to the marriage office in downtown Shanghai.

Dave and X, 35, had to wait six months for the Spouse Visa application to be processed.

Dave spent several weeks in Shanghai and returned to Australia to keep his business going. His wife arrived in Brisbane in August. By late October she was pregnant after assuring Dave she had taken contraception precautions. On November 3 she took out a Domestic Violence Order against the Australian and left him.

"Looking back, I should have been suspicious, but I'm not great with women and suddenly I had a petite, beautiful woman pretending to be in love with me and giving me the most amazing sex life. I fell for it, I was in love. The whole family was in on it.

"I was lonely; I'm not exactly an oil painting, I weigh 19 stone and I've never been very successful with women.

"Now I'm down $30,000 and I'm paying out money to the mother of my child. Her relations have threatened to kill me, threatened to kidnap my child and threatened to make another domestic violence complaint unless I stop talking to the Immigration Department and sponsor my wife's mother to come to Australia.

"If an Australian woman tried the same on a man in China or Thailand, the courts would laugh at her if she tried to claim any property in a settlement.

"But in this country our government stands back and lets the bloke get screwed.

"I got home from work to be served with one of these Domestic Violence Orders and I didn't know what was happening. Her complaint of my violence was me yelling at the television because Geelong had missed another sitter in the AFL. I said this to the police officer and he just shrugged and said it's all to do with how she *feels* — not what actually happened."

Queensland seems to have more than its fair share of foreign marriage problems — a trend that Cahill puts down to the fact that the most number of serial sponsors of Asian wives are to be found in Townsville and Cairns (as well as north-west WA and Darwin.)

The Queensland Lone Father's spokesman, Barry Weedon, says some of the cases in which he has tried to help men with Asian brides have been "frightening".

In one such case, a divorced man in his forties had taken a Filipino bride. The women fleeced money from him for two years and was sending it to relatives in Manila so the relatives could come to Australia.

The husband agreed to sponsor some of the family members because he had a contract cleaning business.

After some of the family from Manila arrived, the Australian husband was accused of domestic violence. He was barred from his house which was subsequently taken over by his wife's family.

Another case Weedon has dealt with concerned the Brisbane man with the Chinese wife.

Having already caught the woman hoarding housekeeping money and sending it to China, the man finally agreed to pay for her trip home after she gained her citizenship, so his wife could show their new baby to her family.

The wife returned in the company of her old Chinese boyfriend, divorced the Australian man after obtaining a Domestic Violence Order and shacked-up in the Australian's house that she won in the settlement.

At a time when the Government is looking at ways of stopping "serial sponsor" Australian men using Asian women as house-cleaning sex slaves, there is silence surrounding the subject of the foreign bride who is rorting the immigration system for citizenship and money, and ruining the lives of Australian men.

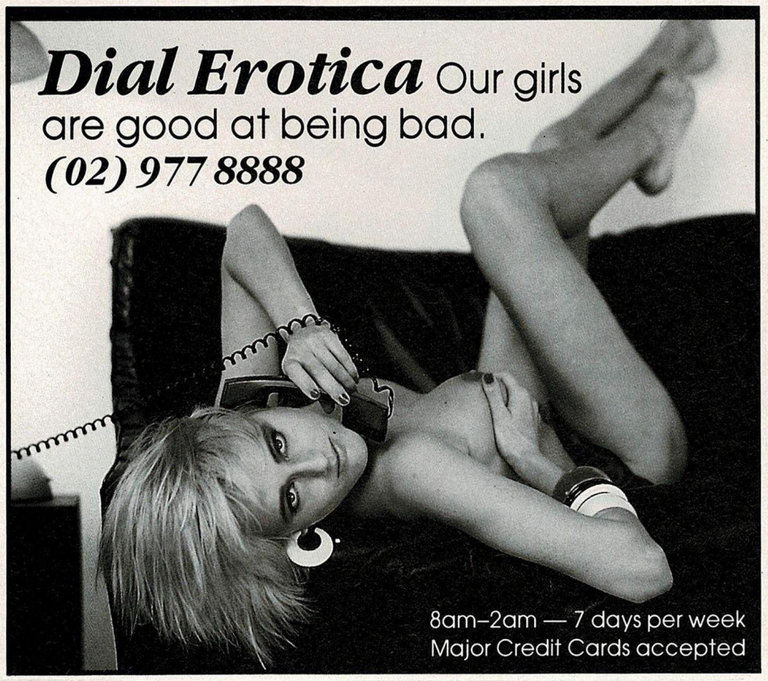
One academic, when asked about this double standard, said: "Well, who's running the agenda?" That person did not want to be named or quoted.

Mike Ward of the Men's Confraternity puts this strange attitude into an equally strange anecdote.

When the Confraternity attempted to survey Western Australian men in late July about their experiences with Asian brides, a major newspaper refused to publish the advertisment because it contained the words "Asian bride".

Ward complained to the paper. "I said to the woman who made the decision, 'you'd run the ad if it called for a response from Asian women about Australian men'.

"She said 'you're right, but that's just the way things are right now'." OH



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A dog's life

Continued from page 49

police launch, sneaking into a preview of the film *Stir* to review it for 2JJ, and leaving a note about police verbals on the door of the Sydney CIB building.

Tim Anderson heard him fire shots outside the walls of Paramatta Jail, on 11 November 1980, the hundredth anniversary of the hanging of Ned Kelly and the anniversary of the dismissal of the Whitlam government.

Denning was recaptured in November 1981, and by the time he faced sentencing in March 1983, it was evident that something strange was going on.

The police gave evidence that Denning was not a drug addict, did not regularly drink, was no longer involved with the Prisoners' Rights Movement and, bizarrely, that "it cannot be said he is an associate of the criminal element."

No charges were pressed against Denning for the Brisbane payroll robbery. In a handwritten letter to Brett Collins, Denning sought to explain himself.

"My supporters have put a lot of work into a deal for me that is too good to throw out of the window. Otherwise if I don't go through with the deal the boots really go in," said Denning. "Destroy this letter mate."

Collins kept the letter.

"It was at that point that he then decided to work with the authorities to a certain extent," says Collins. "He broke the borders of his own behaviour and from that time on it was quite a rapid erosion. The police were ... aware that in the compromise he was doing something which he couldn't say publicly. From that time on it was not difficult for them to [imply] that he'd been giving information about his friends, because the moment you plead guilty and have been treated very gently by the authorities, the question always arose then with your co-accused, who could have got longer sentences, that he had actually traded information in order to get that benefit."

Denning's supporter was a woman who, along with her husband, owned several properties.

Wendy Bacon says the woman had "started writing to Ray after his recapture and then went to visit him, and I know at one stage she sent him a picture of her double bed with a cat in the middle of it."

At this time, says Bacon, the woman, the mother of five children, fell in love with Ray Denning, "who's the same age as probably her youngest son. [Her husband] is sort of hovering there in the distance, and he's always around.

"She starts giving [Denning] expensive jewellery, putting money into his accounts, and so on."

Denning had his first dose of heroin while he was on the run. Soon after he returned to prison he got hepatitis, the junkie's malaise. Between the woman and the needle, Denning's chaotic life began to take a more sinister shape.

In 1986, a deal was apparently arranged through Denning in prison, to bring in heroin from Hong Kong. The plan was fraught with difficulties and fell apart at Hong Kong Airport, where they refused to accept the drugs.

Unknown to Denning, they made statements to the police implicating him in the plot. They were never charged.

Bacon finds the story mystifying. Denning, who had never been out of Australia "wouldn't know anybody in Hong Kong," she says. "He wouldn't even know how to organise a heroin deal. He was really a naive person with very little experience of the outside world. Ray would have been at the very best someone who was cut in on some heroin at a minor level."

Anderson agrees, "It's bullshit really that drug importations were being organised from inside the State's jails... Most drug importations are supported by police, because the nature of drug dealing is such that police find out about the dealers very, very quickly. You don't last on the street selling drugs unless you've got some kind of protection."

Denning became a model prisoner. By 1988 he had class C1 minimum security status in Goulburn, when he shocked the authorities by climbing over the back fence.

He was captured with Russell "Mad Dog" Cox in Melbourne, eight days later, after holding up the Zillmere branch of the Commonwealth Bank in Brisbane.

Denning had been an informer prior to his escape, but with his recapture he pulled out all the stops. He said he would give evidence against Cox, Tim Anderson, and just about everybody else he had ever come into contact with. It seemed that Denning had witnessed more uncorroborated confessions than even Roger Rogerson, the acknowledged artist of the police verbal.

His evidence against Anderson was ridiculous, but it put the unfortunate former Ananda Marga member briefly back in jail.

"I felt sad and betrayed, because I'd never done anything to harm the person at all. I'd only ever helped him. Why should he verbal me? It was obviously just sheer selfishness, that he'd trample on anyone to get up."

At Anderson's appeal, NSW Chief Justice Murray Gleeson said Denning's testimony deserved "little or no weight."

Denning even gave up his girlfriends, says Anderson. "He was saying, 'when I was an escapee I went and saw this person'... the police came back a second time, and [Denning] said, 'this person gave me $50', adding a little bit which would put them on a criminal charge. He changed his account to specifically implicate this woman in a criminal offence, and what had she done? She'd helped him."

Denning implicated Brett Collins over events around the Goulburn escape, telling the police "during that period I helped him [and] prepared firearms and passports and documentation. Likewise

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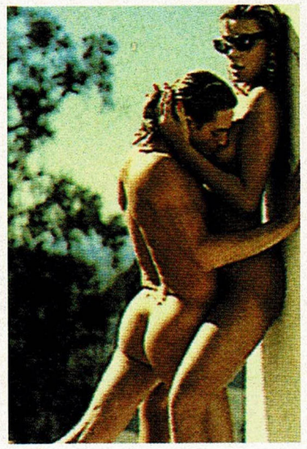

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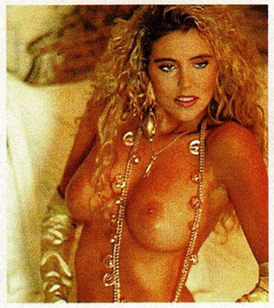

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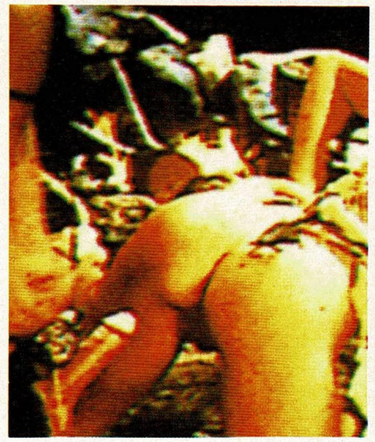

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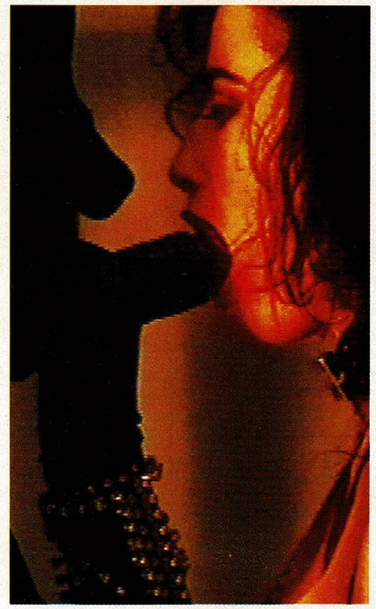

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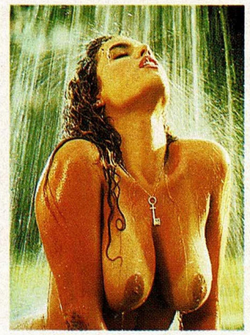

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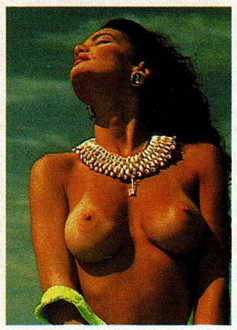

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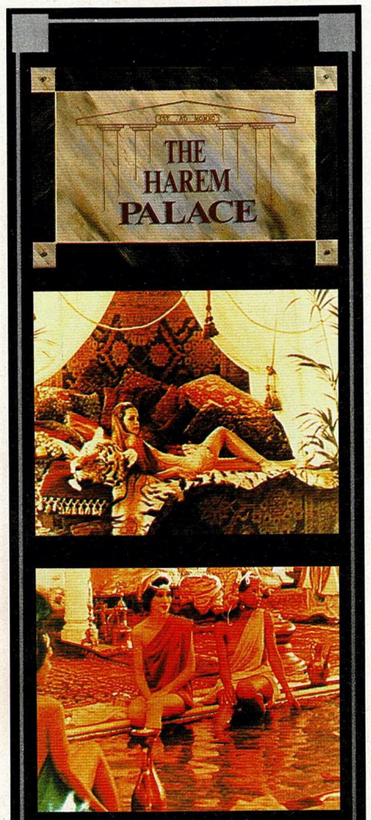

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when he escaped in 1980 he has said he was getting assistance from the prison movement and me personally in his media presentation and his every day survival," says Collins.

"I went along to his earliest cases and made a point of standing in such a way as he had to actually look at me on his way in. Initially he kept his head down, he wouldn't look at me at all. But then he would, he'd look at me straight in the eyes and walk through. He'd come to a stage when he had to accept responsibility for what he was doing. He'd obviously already decided in his mind what he was committed to. He was able to make a mindshift and still feel comfortable and his self-esteem was still there," Collins says.

"It's not as if he suddenly became a convert to the truth," says Bacon. "He had previously done deals with the police. If you had turned totally anti-crime, you would also be dobbing in the police who were corrupt, and the prison officers who were corrupt. Because of being involved in heroin inside the prisons, and also doing deals on the outside, he was undoubtedly in a position to be able to give up a lot of people. Somehow he only gave up criminals."

There was talk of the newly reformed Denning going back into the video business, making tapes that warned young people of the dangers of a life of crime.

Denning was released on parole from Long Bay Special Purposes Prison on April 20, 1993. He was given special protection and placed under 24-hour guard. His protection was removed quickly and without warning.

"I'm a bloody magnet for a bullet at the moment, no matter where I am in Australia," said Denning. But in the end, he saved them the trouble.

On June 11, at 3am, he was found dead in a Paddington terrace house, the victim of a heroin overdose.

Anderson told television reporters: "These are the videos that have been made. These are the examples to young people. He's died alone and friendless with a needle in his arm."

Nobody knows who gave Denning his last fix. Brett Collins says: "We have information that he was actually meeting the police on that night. It's more than possible that he was supplied with the heroin by the police. I'd expect him to be very wary about any drugs he'd be getting from somebody who'd know it was going to Denning.

"There was a belief that he was receiving it from the police and had been for a while, and just a bit more he wouldn't see as a matter of risk."

There is no point in judging Ray Denning. He was judged all his life, by men like those who thought two years in a boys' home was a suitable way to punish a teenager for vagrancy — the crime of having no money.

At Ray's cremation, his father, Jack, drew one lesson from his son's death: "I would say this to any police informer, for jails or police, to remember the three wise monkeys: see nothing, hear nothing and above all say nothing — that's if you want to live."

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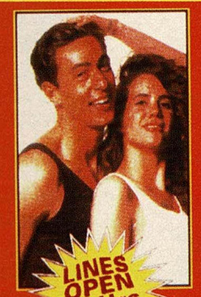

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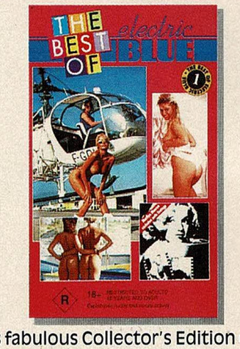
The Best Of Electric Blue 1



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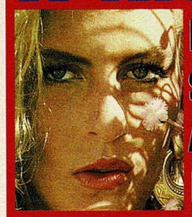

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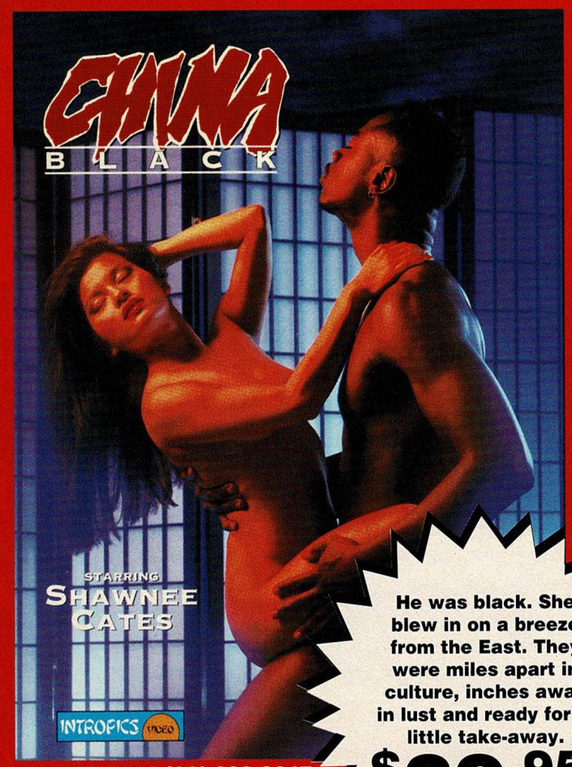

He was black. She blew in on a breeze from the East. They were miles apart in culture, inches away in lust and ready for a little take-away.

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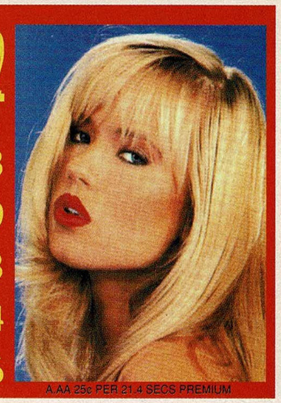

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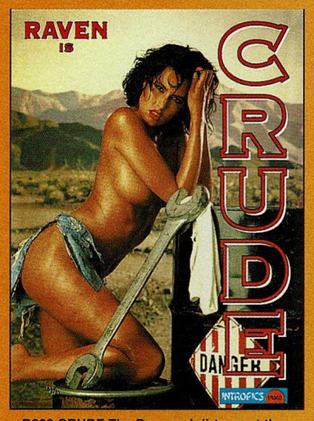

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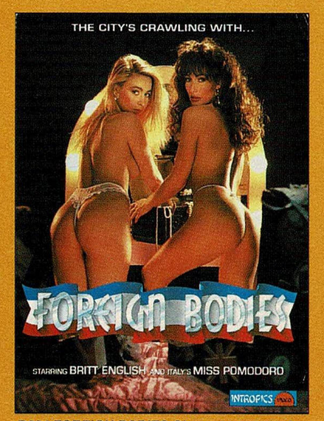

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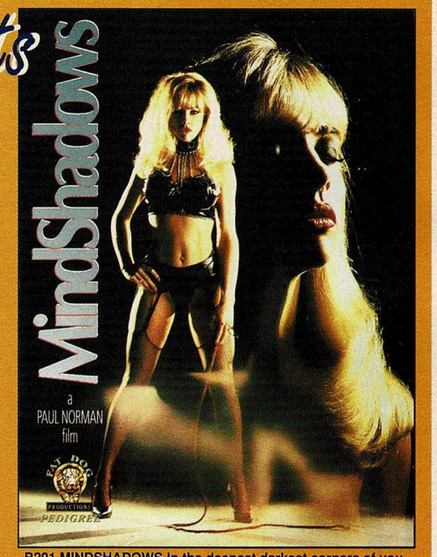

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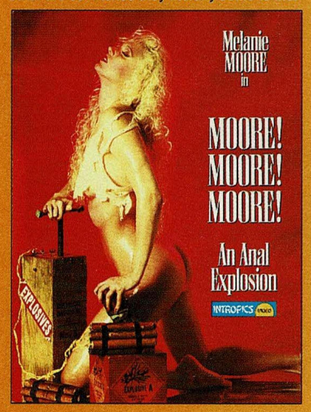

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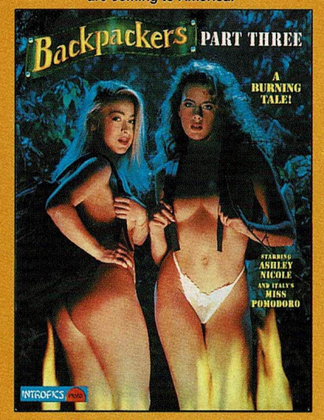

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Taxis

Continued from page 52

being a town hall in the town, or an airport south of the city.

*He doesn't seem to comprehend the complexity of the term "Left here" let alone the simple verb "Stop." Or he interprets it as "full throttle ahead until we hit something, thanks."

*The radio operator chortles cruelly when your driver tells him he's got a fare and says, "Good luck cab number 666."

*You see a pile of badly typed film scripts or hand scrawled first novel drafts and the taxi driver clears his throat.

*The cabbie looks quite feverish and then he asks if you've ever had a threesome or swapped the wife.

*You think his head is a weird shape. It looks kind of metallic, and when he turns around to ask where you're going his eyes glow like lurid red marbles in the dark.

*You suspect he may have a giant dildo in the boot.

Actually the last point is not very common, although it is my worst taxi tale ever.

I'd rung the cab and was a bit late getting out the door because I didn't expect it to arrive within half an hour, and the driver snarled across the road, "Fucking women, can't do anything without a big drama."

Then I asked if he could just put the radio on loud (to drown him out, if you understand) and he banged on about these "fucking demanding bitches out to ruin the life of honest blokes..." And then he got onto his ex-mother-in-law whom he was shortly to face in court.

He was frothing and drooling so intensely about the evil of this woman and her daughter that we went through three red lights, narrowly missed collecting an old lady on a pedestrian crossing ("fucking bitch — must be pissed") and almost collided with the back of an egg truck after we overshot the freeway exit.

When we arrived at point B and I thought I was about to convulse with stress, he confided his court strategy against the ex-mother-in-law.

He sprinted to the boot, withdrew a massive baseball bat-sized vibrator, turned it on, brandished it around and began screaming how he was going to shove it up the bitch's arse in court. I always thought I was stood-up that night, but I now think my date inside the restaurant left quickly when he saw me trying to give this taxi driver money.

Warwick Capper, former AFL star and aspiring actor, says his most memorable trip was when he was in Melbourne peak-hour traffic trying to make the airport in half an hour.

"I was supposed to be going on the Brisbane *Today* show in half an hour so I told the cabbie I'd give him $20 extra if he could get me to the airport on time. So we went flat stick through all the back streets at 160 kilometres an hour. We almost had an accident, knocked over rubbish bins — I was shitting myself," he admits. "But I got my flight."

Capper, who estimates seven out of ten taxi drivers are good guys, says he got his worst cab commander when he was out with his wife Joanne one night.

"We had this rotten bloke who wouldn't turn his computer radio down from full volume, wouldn't put any music on and wouldn't put the heater on which really gave me the shits," snarls Capper. "The bastard totally ignored us. He was a real arsehole."

Rugby League star Peter Jackson says his worst cab trip ever was when the driver tried to convince him to become a Scientologist. How did he handle this? "I was pissed so I just fell asleep on him which I don't think he was too happy about."

"I drive this taxi so I can spread the word of Allah/God/Krishna/crystal therapy/rebirthing..."

When I get around to setting up my own cult religion the first thing I'll do is become a taxi driver. There you are, whizzing along at the wheel, in charge of your own portable pulpit with a captive audience in back. There is no better way to recruit disciples.

If Jesus, King Arthur, the Antichrist or Buddha were to resurface now, as they're all due to, they'd definitely wind up cabbies. If David Koresh is, in fact, still alive the chances are he's going for his Australian taxi license at the moment.

On a good day an evangelist cabbie gets worked into life's rich tapestry and ends up as a reasonably funny anecdote with which to win friends and influence people. On that day with the looming phone bill, bitchy boss and PMT-stricken girlfriend, the preaching chauffeur is possibly the mother of all last straws.

To him, you are at best naive and at worst a hell-destined sinner — but the worst thing is that you occasionally stoop to wonder whether he's right.

When *was* the last time you went to church?

Have you ever stopped to think about how crystals could make you more self-aware and better at relating?

Why hasn't the Principle Of Abundance and Unconditional Love entered your life?

Is it possible that you didn't descend from apes, but that all your problems come from being the fruit of Original Sin?

So there you are — roaring into infinity with the Taxi Driver from Hell preaching about the Heaven you'll never attain.

Your hopes of getting from A to B with a minimal psychic disturbance have been smashed forever when suddenly the cosmic flash hits you — you are paying him $1.80 per kilometre for this. Surely it should be the other way around.

"What do you mean how has my day been? What gives you the right to intrude into my personal reality? I don't know why you even ask that question. You don't care. Nobody does. You're just being polite — nobody cares anymore. I got a phone call from the ex last night and do you think she gives a damn how I was? Nuh. Just wanted to know when the money was going into her account. She never did. Always the same. Yeah. Oh Cronulla — I thought you said Coogee. You did say Coogee. Everyone bullshits. All playing head games. My mother was the same — it's where it all started when my mother..."

"I only drive this taxi at night — by day I'm really an actor/ musician/ Cindy Crawford's secret lover/ an investigative reporter/ A CIA operative/ the next Spielberg."

From his surreal ineptitude the passenger knows instantly this taxi driver was not born to be a mortal cabbie. Each time the "talent" whizzes off into the wrong suburb he explains it's because this isn't what he *really* does ... because really , he's especially special. No matter who you are, you're bound to be useful to his career as well as utterly fascinated with his life story which tends to go something like this:

After leaving the SAS, because he was dissatisfied with how the Iran hostage crisis was handled, he became a figure of paramount importance to several international organisations (including the Freemasons and Interpol) who all wanted to recruit him.

He had a few problems when the supermodel fell psychopathically in love with him. But since becoming a film director, the cabbie explains as he deftly nips in front of the oncoming express train while looking up your alleged destination in his map book — he's never looked back.

You might want to write a book about him sometime. Or help finance his next film. He only drives this taxi as a research project — to stay amongst the real people. It's also helpful for his singing career. But, he points out while cruising past the local RSL Club for the fourth time, the novel he's writing is a real *tour de force.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

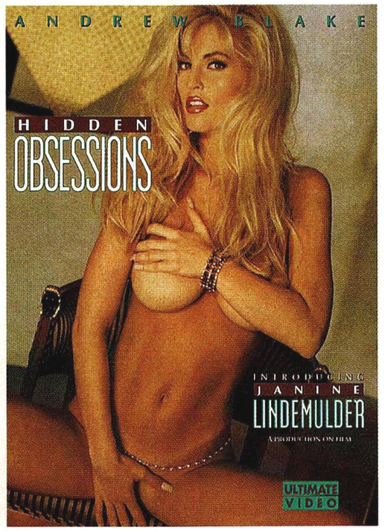
Law of the Jungle

Sultry brunette Nicky Bruno is the breathtaking product of Spanish, Italian and Maltese ancestry. Nicky makes her living as a legal secretary but says that along the way she's learned a great deal about the law and how some people get around it.

"Working for a big legal firm, you have to learn to deal with competition. Luckily I seem to have no trouble with the men I work with."

When she's not preparing legal documents, Nicky maintains her incredible body by strapping on her rollerblades, finding a deserted stretch of road and powering away.

Nicky admits to having a weakness for dynamic barristers but says that any man who has a way with words will have a good chance of winning her heart.



Hidden Obsessions X

Distributed by (Lebl) Penthouse. *Directed by Andrew Blake. Starring Janine Lindemulder, Jami Dion, Marc Wallice, Sunset Thomas, Kym Wilde, P.J. Sparxx, Marissa Malibu, Peter North, John Dough, Diedre Holland, Melanie Moore, Tracy West, Skye Blue, Heather Hart, Laurel Canyon.*

O-▣ O-▣ O-▣ O-▣

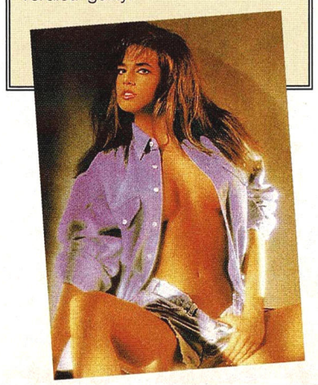
Every once in a while you find an erotic video that you can watch over and over again without getting the least bit bored and *Hidden Obsessions* is that tape.
Director Andrew Blake (of *Art Of Desire* fame) has assembled a crotch-tightening 90 minutes of the hottest, nastiest sex you'll ever hope to see on tape.
The story revolves around Janine Lindemulder (the 1989 US Pet Of The Year Runner-up) who plays a writer hired to write fantasies for the rich wife of a businessman. Fantasy after fantasy rolls by but the highlight of the film would have to be the all-girl scene featuring Janine and Jami in which they turn a solid ice dildo into a melting sliver. The sex in *Hidden Obsessions* seems to get raunchier with every scene and with a cast of the hottest adult film stars around, it's little wonder that it's being hailed as one of the best adult films of all time.
This is a movie with more fucks, blowjobs, muff-dives and spectacular orgasms per square inch of video tape than anything produced before. *Hidden Obsessions* will keep you coming back for more.

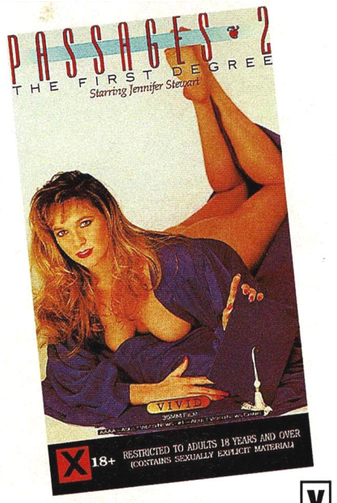
The Verdict 4 X

Distributed by Topshelf Entertainment. Starring Raquel Darian, Savannah, Danielle Rogers, Sharon Kane, PJ Sparks, Randy Spears and Eric Price

O-▣ O-▣

The plot of *The Verdict 4* is basic: a jury deliberates the fate of a pornographer who's being tried for corrupting public morals, evidently inspired by the real-life experience of the makers of *The Verdict*.
The thematic direction and cinematography...forget it. Let's get to the girls. *The Verdict* has two major assets: Raquel Darian and Savannah. Savannah is the purrddy young blonde thang that is in every second erotic video these days. It's no wonder why. She has the body of a classic Rodin sculpture — full, soft, curvaceous. And she looks great with a cock in her mouth.
The major downfall of this movie is the routine nature of the sex scenes. Of course seeing Raquel Darian (the girl on the cover) sucking, licking, fucking and finally lapping up the "juice of man" is an awesome experience. She acts like a total prima donna in the movie but this only adds to the thrill of watching her get skewered by a cock so big that she can barely wrap her hand around it.
Danielle Rogers is one of the other jurors who robotically waltzes through the suck, lick, fuck motif. She's not as glamorous as Raquel or Savannah but she excels in her enthusiasm for spunk. Most female porn stars treat jism on the face like it's antiseptic going on a wound. Danielle drinks spunk like it's mother's milk.
Critics have accused this movie of being, on the whole, very average, lacking inspiration and imagination, and surviving only because of the very lovely Raquel and Savannah. The verdict: guilty.





Passages 2 X

Distributed by Topshelf Entertainment. Starring Jennifer Stewart, Christy Canyon, Heather Hunter, Heather Hart, Marc Wallace and Blake Palmer

O-▣ O-▣ O-▣

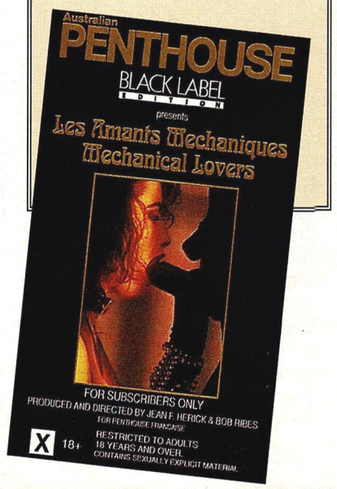
Passages 2 is totally lacking in panache, style or ingenuity. It is a series of raw fuck scenes with crappy camera work, poor sound and uninspired direction. And it's great.
Gone are the days of porn in the early Eighties when the average porn movie plot was like a game of musical cunts. In these days of safer and safer sex, it's normal in stick movies to see three couples fuck, separately and for ages.
And that's it. No three-ways, no orgies, no black man with a penis the size of Poland. Nothing but couples coupling.
Well *Passages* 2, in its own way, almost returns to the Eighties.
Worthy of note is Christy Canyon, the woman with not so much breasts as udders. They're huge and pendulous. With breasts like that there's only one thing to do. And Marc Wallace does it.
The "star" is Jennifer Stewart — an attractive girl with a very nice body, but no glamour. She gets into some feminine treasures after riding Marc Wallace all the way to a gusher.
There's some nice three-way stuff with Miss Canyon and a four-way (one guy, three girls) scene that promises to be great. However it stalls after the male shoots too early. There's a dash of lesbianism with Jennifer Stewart who seems to enjoy pussy as much as she does cock.
Overall it's refreshing to see a movie that abandons the pretence of plot and narrative and just gives a good variety of old-fashioned penetration — and lots of it.

Les Amants Mechaniques X

Distributed by (Lebl) Penthouse Video. Directed by Eric Neveu. Starring Zara Whites, Sandy Grey, Barbara Blake and Christy Brown

O-▣ O-▣ O-▣

Acclaimed French director Eric Neveu has produced the closest thing to art porn ever to slide across the heads of a VCR.
There is no contrived storyline in this film, rather a series of beautifully shot, superbly edited and creatively lit vignettes are presented.
If you're wondering about the title, it refers to the multitude of dildos employed by the cast during the film which is essentially a collection of explicit yet intimate portrayals of women whacking off.
The first sequence involves the groin-stiffening Zara Whites who under the skilful gaze of Neveu ends up looking like a supermodel. Although Zara's been around for a while, she can still be the cause of many a good, solid stiffie. Her body is superb and the gusto with which she humps a dildo is remarkable.
Next up is Sandy Grey, a continental stunner that'll send your wrists into a blurred frenzy. The same goes for the rest of the cast especially Christy Brown who cops it up the clacker from an ambivalent dildo-wielding master.
If you like watching beautiful woman touch themselves, then this is the video for you. It's not packed with lesbo muff-diving, dick-sucking or humping galore. But what it lacks in sexual variety it makes up for in pure sexual energy and stylish production.



The Secret Garden X

Distributed by Topshelf Entertainment. Starring Ashlyn Gere, Ona Zee, Anisa, Melanie Moore, Flame, Randy Spears, Jonathon Morgan, P.J. Sparxx, Mike Horner and T.T Boy

O-▣ O-▣

With a cast this size you'd be expecting the pornographic equivalent of *The Ten Commandments*. Unfortunately the only miracle you'll witness here is the fact that the producers actually raised the money to fund this rather dull production.
The plot revolves around a wealthy family who just happen to own an estate on which a porn film is being shot. The opening sequence is seriously bizarre and we are subjected to an admittedly horny Ashlyn Gere getting hot and sticky over a column in the garden that supposedly has magical powers.
Then the action jumps to the porn film being shot on the family's lawn and then, yep you've guessed it, the crew working on the film get so horny they decide to fuck the household.
Mike Horner plays the greying head of the family and is particularly awful when it comes to portraying any kind of facial expression.
The action is fairly predictable all the way through. Girl eats boy, boy eats girl, boy fucks girl, boy comes on girl's tummy.
There is nary a twosome, threesome or any other variation of sex to be seen. It's boy-girl the whole way through. There isn't even a single lesbo rug-munching scene.
Even though the sex isn't the most innovative you've ever seen, it's still okay with a few hot fucks here and there. The highlight of the film would have to be Randy Spears mimicking a scene from his favourite porn movie. Having given Anisa a hot-protein facial, she looks up at him and whines, "Can I go pee now?"

Nude Wives In Excess R

Distributed by Video Ray. Electric Blue Video

O-▣

If you're one of those blokes who gets really turned on wondering what your next door neighbour's wife looks like naked, then this video may be worth checking out.
This dull tape consists of three suburban housewives desperately trying to recall some dance steps as they awkwardly strip. One of these girls is absolutely gorgeous and she proves to be the saving grace of this flick. As for the other two, we're talking major gorilla biscuits here.
Add to this the fact that the producers have included supposedly sexy voice-overs delivered by these women in their anything but soft and sensual North England accents. "Hullo, my name's Deidre. Mi 'usband really likes it when I wear a miniskirt wif no knickers."
Each of the strips lasts about 20 minutes. There is lots of rubbing of breasts and pubic hair but because of the R-rating here, not a single hairpie is penetrated, not a single love-clam is feasted upon and not a single love-trench is ravaged. If you've got something hard-core on tape to follow, this might, might make an appetising hors d'oeuvre.

Distributor Contacts
Adam & Eve Video of Australia.
Telephone 008 806 900
Topshelf Entertainment.
Telephone (089) 411 055
Penthouse Video. Telephone
008 802 320
Video Ray. Telephone
(02) 908 4422

forum

Continued from page 8

I decided to turn over so my stomach could get a work-out. This was definitely the best, a stomach rub! Soon, however, I could feel my hard cock starting to ooze some anticipatory lubrication. I really needed to move my cock on the thrashing pad so it could get a little work-out too.

At that moment I heard the door slam. There wasn't much I could do. Turn off the machine? Put my pants on over my throbbing cock? Run like hell to the bathroom? My boss came to the door of the toning room, asking me why I was testing the machines all by myself. I had no idea what she was talking about. She came over to the still thrashing toning table and told me to lie back on it. I felt pretty embarrassed, but I figured the best way not to get fired was to oblige. Before I could adjust my back on the pad, she had her skirt lifted, her panties pulled aside, and was straddling my totally confused cock.

I almost came right then. She yelled for me to relax and let the machine do the fucking. With only six inches to work with, the bucking pad kept sawing my cock in and out of her wet pussy, making me feel like I had 12 inches of man. It was obvious that my boss had used this bronco machine before. She turned her body around on my pole and faced my feet. Now I could see my cock thrusting in and out, making my boss moan with each repetition. She reached down with her right hand and pulled my aching balls up to her clit.

As I looked down at her arse, seeing my cock thrusting in and out, I exploded, my stiffened body bouncing my boss around like a wild stallion. I thought I heard a knock at the door as she let out a scream, mashing her crotch against my draining cock. She slid off me and onto the thumping pad, which glistened with come and perspiration. As my boss continued humping it, my limp cock began to grow hard again. But someone was indeed pounding to get into the salon, so I turned off the machine, and my boss ran to the bathroom. I promptly got dressed and opened the front door for business. — *Name and address withheld*

Girl next door

I was just 13 years old when I first began fantasising about Alison. She was in her mid-twenties then and had moved in next door to my parents' house. Here I was starting puberty and she was there with her dark hair and long legs, sensuous hips and small pert breasts. I remember my first orgasm, playing with my penis while I imagined it was her and suddenly this great warmth welled up inside me and exploded from my shaft. As I got older my fantasies became bolder. Twice I let myself into her house and lay on her big four-poster bed and imagined myself thrusting inside her warm body.

Anyway, this all began ten years ago, and as I grew to become a man these feelings only grew stronger.

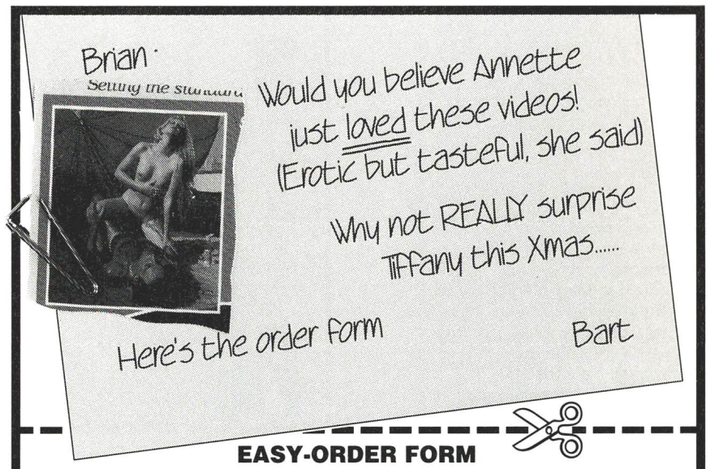
While I was home on holidays from uni I called over to see Alison not realising I was about to have an incredible experience with her. It was around ten or 11 in the morning and Alison was wearing a white dressing gown. I apologised for getting her out of bed and offered to come back later.

"No come through," she said and led me inside and down the hall to her bedroom. Through her window I could see my room next door where I had often fantasised on my own.

For some reason I knew this was all about to change. I turned to her and nothing needed to be said. We moved to one another and I untied her gown, holding onto the fluffy belt as the rest fell to the floor. Suddenly Alison was fully naked in front of me. She lifted my shirt up and off and ran her hands across my chest and back before undoing my jeans and pushing me back onto the bed to remove them. I took the belt and gently tied it around her wrist, taking the other end over her shoulder and back between her legs. As she leaned over me I caressed her breasts and flicked at her nipples with my tongue.

All the time I gently tugged the belt which caressed her vagina. Alison was stroking my shaft and balls with one hand while the other clenched the end of the belt. This continued for ages, both of us swamped in pleasure, but then my self-control was gone and I spurted my warmth across her belly. I closed my eyes and fell back onto the bed. Soon I felt Alison crouch with her legs astride me and her hair hanging across my face. She led my hand to her warm pussy and I watched in disbelief as two of my fingers ran up and down her slit before slipping inside to find her G spot. As I began to thrust she started panting and when I increased the pace her breath grew short and sharp before she exploded in ecstasy.

Alison rolled off me and on to her back. I gently caressed her nipples, realising we hadn't even had intercourse yet. Her nipples rose to warm firm points and I knew she was ready for more. I left the bed and tugged Alison's ankles until her buttocks were on the edge of the bed and her legs apart and over the side. Her dark, bushy pubes stood proudly atop her sweet mound. My tongue was soon between her outer lips, pushing its way inside her. My penis was having trouble with all the excitement but gladly recovered when she began to moan. I lifted her legs up and placed them over my shoulders. As I looked down her thighs towards her smooth stomach I felt her hands clench my buttocks and pull me inside her. I needed little encouragement and began to pump her furiously. This time I felt her explode first, her pussy squeezing my member with delight. Then suddenly she was gone. My penis was in shock until moments later when her



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mouth wrapped around me and licked and sucked the head until I felt that familiar great warmth I'd first felt so long ago well up inside me and explode from my shaft. — *Name and address withheld*

Birthday girl

I arranged a very special birthday present for my very horny wife. My two mates, Peter and Brad, arrived on our doorstep at about 6pm for birthday drinks with my wife.

As the night progressed, so did the effect of the drinks. I gave Peter and Brad the nod to start on Christine's surprise. Peter and Brad were sitting on either side of my wife in front of our open fire.

Peter and Brad started to caress her inner thighs under her short dress. She looked my way, I winked and said, "Happy Birthday".

Then she spread her legs to allow Peter and Brad access to her wet panties. Brad removed her panties exposing her swollen wet pussy. Peter and I were now sucking her hard erect nipples, so she grabbed Brad's head and pulled it against her clit, moaning with pleasure. Brad continued working my wife into a frenzy with his tongue.

Brad's hard cock could not wait any longer. He positioned Chris on all fours and pumped his cock into her hot pussy. Brad soon emptied his load into my wife's pussy.

Wanting more, Chris lay on the floor beckoning Peter to fuck her. Removing his jeans, out dropped nine inches of the thickest cock I have ever seen. Peter was now between her legs, slowly sliding his large thick cock into my wife's eager pussy.

Peter started slowly but was soon fucking Chris frantically. Chris was thrusting her hips up to meet every inch of Peter's cock. Peter grabbed Chris' arse to gain full penetration, (what a sight to see your wife being fucked like this). She then reciprocated by holding Peter's rump, pulling his cock in even deeper. Both were now fucking out of control. Chris was moaning, "Fuck me, fuck me Peter, fuck me with your thick cock. I'm coming."

With that Peter exploded, unleashing wads of come into my wife's pussy, making Chris shudder to a monumental orgasm. Peter fell exhausted to the floor.

I couldn't take any more and plunged my cock into my wife's come-filled pussy, exploding with a scream of pleasure as my come-filled balls released their fluid into her wet hole.

As we said goodnight to Peter and Brad, Chris whispered thank you for her present. I am now working on next years'. — *Name and address withheld*

Here is the news

After working in the so-called glamour industry of television in Sydney I decided that I'd had enough of the egos and tantrums of the "stars". A technical position came up at a country station and I jumped at the chance of quitting the big smoke.

The place was everything I expected, the people were friendly, the pressure was minimal and because I'd worked in Sydney I was given quite a senior position as a floor manager.

Being more of a night person, my shift generally covered the late news and I slowly became friendly with all of the crew.

Janine, the newsreader, and I got on particularly well and what at first seemed like unconfirmed mutual attraction soon became uninhibited flirtation. Janine is a petite vision with jet-black hair cut into a straight bob, she has piercing green eyes, a wicked smile and a butt so tight you could crack walnuts on it.

At the staff Christmas party last year, Janine and I spent hours dancing and drinking together and at the end of the night as I was walking her to her car, she turned and kissed me. Her lips were soft and smooth as good brandy and her tongue gently traced its way around the perimeter of my lips before gently snaking its way into my mouth. The kiss seemed to hit every nerve ending in my body and when she smiled, said goodnight and got into her car, I was, to say the least, disappointed.

About a week later, we had just finished the late news and I was preparing the studio for the next day's breakfast show. All the crew had gone home, so when I heard a voice behind me it gave me quite a start.

I whipped around to see Janine standing there in her elegant navy blue twin set, a simple pearl choker around her neck and the most becoming of expressions on her face.

"About the other night," she began. This was it I thought. She was going to say that it was a mistake, that we had just been drinking too much and it got out of control.

I braced myself for the knockback. "I guess it was pretty rude of me not to finish what we started," she smiled.

With that she moved towards me and gently kissed my lips. She took me in her arms and crushed her body against mine. The delicious swell of her breasts pressing against me caused my dick to swell and harden.

We slowly walked over to the news desk and I began to nuzzle and kiss her neck. I slowly arced my kisses lower and one by one undid the buttons of her thin silk blouse. The flesh between her breasts was warm and lightly perfumed and I could clearly make out her erect, dark nipples through the white lace of her bra. I fumbled with her bra clasp but she roughly pulled it up over her head. Her firm breasts fell free and I slowly began to caress them. She had the softest skin I'd ever felt and each of her breasts fitted my hands perfectly. Her nipples were the colour of plums and they stood erect beckoning me to suck them.

I leant forward to nibble her left breast but she roughly grabbed my head with

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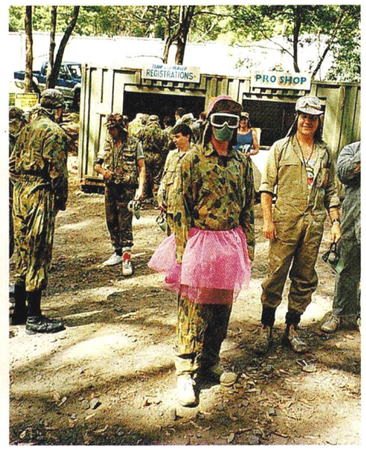

Can you spot me?

It certainly wasn't your traditional type of send-off. We started out on the bus at 7.00 in the morning and headed straight for the unknown.

No-one was telling me anything - apart from "wear track suit pants and sensible shoes" (sensible for what?).

There we were, twenty of us, all packed onto this bus, complete with eskies filled with "liquid refreshments" - which I was told were off limits until later!

We rounded the corner and all was revealed - we were off on the ultimate Skirmish Adventure! The minute we got on the bus, we were kitted up (my outfit was a little different) and run through the introduction and safety talk.

Then it was straight onto the paintball fields for what turned out to be the best day of my life. (oops - sorry honey - the second best day of my life) What a way to say goodbye to single life!

After a full day's play, (and a heart lunch) we were packed up and in the bus with a cleansing ale and a few million stories under our belts.

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one hand and pulled my mouth to her nipple. With her other hand she cupped her tit as if to feed it to me. I sucked on her nipple which seemed to become even more erect under my tongue and when I moved to her other breast she moaned, "Yes, suck it, suck it."

She peeled off my denim shirt and began to run her tongue over my chest and stomach paying particular attention to my nipples.

The feeling of her nipples dragging over my midriff was incredible.

Abruptly she stood up, took two steps back from me and undid her skirt. She wriggled out of it in the most sensuous of motions and I was greeted by the sight of her slim legs encased in a pair of sheer silk stockings, a garter belt and no other underwear.

She motioned for me to come towards her. As soon as I was in range she grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed me to my knees. I was face to face with her musky bush when she leant back against the news desk and spread her legs.

I ran my tongue up and down her labia but was careful not to touch her clit which was slowly beginning to protrude more and more. Her pussy began to drip with excitement and when I dipped the tip of my tongue inside her she groaned and grunted. Suddenly I lunged towards her clit and enveloped it in my lips. She sighed loudly and began to wildly grind her hips into my face. In a matter of seconds she was spasming wildly as the come flowed out of her and onto my face and tongue. Her legs were shaking and she lay back on the newsdesk as her orgasm gently subsided.

Looking up at me she said, "Come over here and straddle me." I whipped off my jeans and boots and mounted the newsdesk with one knee on either side of her. My balls were directly above her face and I could feel her hot breath on my erect cock.

She flipped over and slipped my cock into her mouth. Wasting no time with teasing me, she took my entire length in her mouth ending up with her nose firmly nestled in my pubic hair. She slowly began to suck my cock with long deep strokes, all the while cradling my balls with the her hands. She took me to the brink many times but always stopped just before I came.

For the grand finale she got onto all fours and directed me behind her. My cock slipped into her effortlessly. She gasped as I buried my full length inside her sopping pussy. She reached around to rub her clit and as I powered into her we both approached a searing climax.

I could not believe that we were making love on the desk where she presented the news to thousands of people every night. I could feel my orgasm rising and as I sped up she plunged a finger into her arsehole. This sent both her and me over the edge and I emptied wad after wad of come into her spasming pussy that milked every drop out of me.

We have made love many times since then but that first time on the newsdesk will always be special. — *Name and address withheld*

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Three love

It was a lovely sunny morning and while waiting for Mark to return, I'd decided to go out into the little courtyard at the back of our house to enjoy the sunshine while I did my feet and trimmed my bush. Using the mirror to check my progress, I was greeted by what my man calls his "erotic landscape".

He's a professional photographer specialising in lingerie and swimwear. Mark's 43, quite tall with salt and pepper hair tied back in a pigtail, a lean body, — and when he's aroused; a nine-inch cock that can really leave a girl debilitated.

I'm 32, have shoulder-length black hair, emerald green eyes, small breasts with very prominent nipples and areolae, a flat stomach, and prominent labia that are all but hidden by dense pubic hair.

As I moved the mirror around, the sight of my parted lips got my mind working and I started to fantasise. The look of bare pussy had always excited me and I decided to go all the way. I trimmed my forest with the nail scissors, shaved all the stubble off except for the lips and was now sitting there, eyes closed, slowly rubbing Mark's shaving brush up, down and around my now almost totally bare pussy.

All of a sudden I was aware of someone being there and looked up to see this Chinese girl about my age standing by the back door watching me with big black eyes.

"Who the hell are you?" I said as I stood up, "and how did you get into my house?"

"My name is Sue and you must be Helen," she said coming over to the table and offering me her hand. "Your husband Mark asked me to bring some proofs here and not to make any noise as you were still asleep."

Her next comment caught me completely off guard.

"Do you know that you look very sexy standing there with your breasts standing up like little mountains and shaving cream between your legs. Is this the first time you have shaved yourself there?"

I nodded and wondered how I could get myself out of this situation. "If you do not mind, I may be of some help as I have had some experience with this," she said as she gently pushed me back against the table. "Let me show you".

She took off her slacks and stood there in front of me with her hands on her hips. She had beautiful long slender legs going up to a shaven pussy that bulged out towards me. It took all my self control not to reach out and touch it. I had never seen another pussy this close before, let alone a bare one. While I was staring at her shaven pussy she took off her top and released her very proud breasts with their dark areolae and nipples.

She pushed my legs apart pulling my hips forward to the edge of the table and proceeded to apply shaving cream all around my very wet pussy.

The sensation of her hands and the shaving brush rubbing erotic patterns over my pussy and clit got me boiling. In no time I was thrusting my hips up into her hands as I bucked with another orgasm.

We spread a towel out on the floor and I lay back supported only by my shoulders and feet. "You will enjoy coming even more when you are bare," she said as she bent down and sensuously ran her tongue all around my naked arsehole and mound. I felt like a bitch in heat as I pulled my knees back and spread my legs even further opening myself to her totally while she caressed my pussy this time by rubbing her breasts and nipples over my pussy.

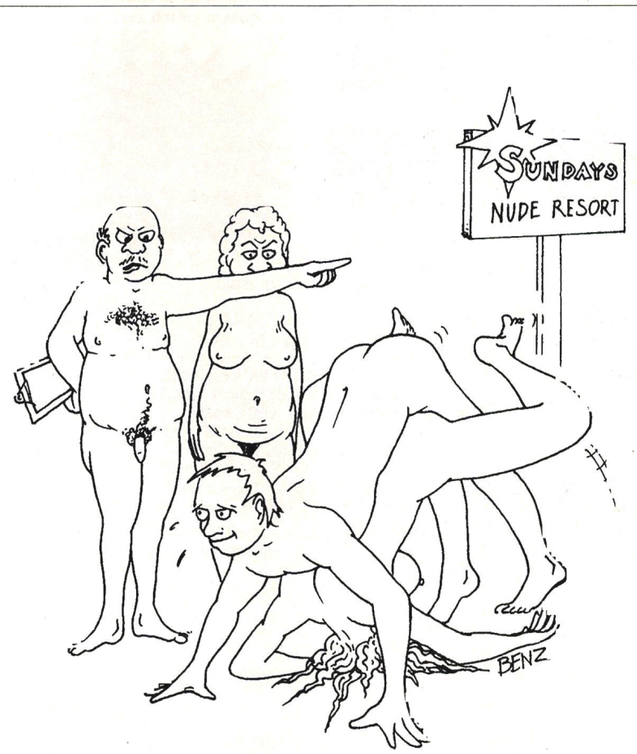
Her nipples had hardened until they were little black nuts on the ends of her breasts and the feeling of them trickling over my pussy got me so hot that I would have done anything she asked.

I lay back revelling in the sensations that coursed through me, watching fascinated as she knelt beside me and rolled my nipples around with her tongue.

Automatically my hand found her breasts and started to fondle them. She moved so that her breasts were in my mouth. When I started to tongue her nipples and suck them her breathing got very erratic and she started sucking on mine like there was no tomorrow as we both came.

After a minute she slowly trickled her tongue down over my stomach to my now naked mound and proceeded to eat me out. She had to move forwards to do so and was now kneeling either side of me resting on her elbows with her arms around my thighs and her face buried in my wide open pussy.

She leant backwards and I was looking up into her pussy with its petals gaping invitingly at me. Slowly I traced the entire length of her pussy making sure I didn't miss anywhere. I remembered how I loved Mark using his tongue to explore every fold and crevice of my box when he ate me.



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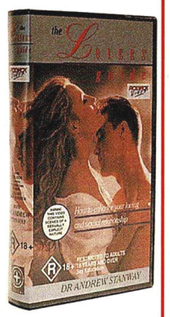

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■ LOVERS' GUIDE - *The consumers choice - over 700,000 sold to date. Produced jointly with the Family Planning Ass. and the Board of Film Censors.*

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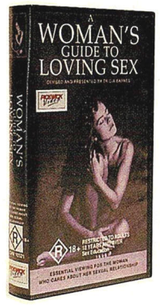

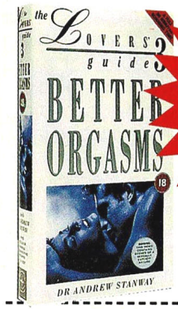

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My whole universe was focussed in two places — my mouth and my pussy. All this time, while she was doing the same to me, her clit had gone from just peeping out of the folds to sticking out like a finger.

As I gave it my full attention she started grinding it back and forwards over my mouth — in time with my hips that were trying to fuck her mouth.

We sucked each other into a storm and both came, drenching each other.

After a few minutes we got up and I led Sue into the house to the bathroom where one thing led to another. We were both squeaky-clean when some time later, with rather weak legs, we stumbled back into the kitchen to be greeted by the smell of freshly brewed coffee and toast — and Mark leaning against the bench top with a big grin on his face.

"Figured you'd need something in your gut after that work-out," he said.

I walked up to him, wrapped my arms around his neck and gave him a big kiss while grinding my pubic bone into his. I wanted to check out the bulge I could see in his jeans. It rose even more with the attention it got and was now pressing very hard against my pussy.

"Sue and I got a bit messy," I said simply as I slid in beside him and started to feel him up. Sue's eyes were focussed on what my hand was doing. Mark's eyes were focussed totally on her body. Her breasts stiffened and her pussy blushed and opened as she became aware of his intense gaze.

I called Sue over and chided Mark for not making our guest welcome. "Give her a kiss while I get some coffee," I said and gave her a little shove towards him. I watched her reaction as she felt his cock through his pants. She thrust her hips forwards to meet it, wrapped her arms around his neck and tried to devour him.

After a couple of minutes he pushed her away for a second, ripped his jeans off and, freeing his now rock hard cock slid it between her thighs as he pulled her towards him. She moaned as she clamped her legs together and hung on round his neck while I stared fascinated at the head of Mark's cock sliding in and out just below her arse.

He pushed her back against the wall and, bending his knees, slowly slid his cock up and down her thighs pushing it in against her pussy at the top of each stroke. She stood on tiptoes, grabbed his cock in both hands and began stuffing it in her hole.

All of a sudden she gave a squeal as with one thrust of his hips he buried his monster inside her. "Yes," she whispered as she ground her hips forwards.

The sight of her pinned against the wall, while he stood astride her thighs with his arse cheeks dimpling as he rhythmically fucked her was too much for me. I found myself fucking my fingers, sharing her pleasure.

I don't know who came first but I swear he lifted her feet off the floor with the force of his thrust as he orgasmed.

Finally they separated and Mark's cock slid out of Sue's sopping wet pussy with a lovely wet "pop". I love cleaning his cock after we've made love just as much as he loves eating me out so I pulled him down on the floor, rolled him onto his back and proceeded to lick his cock clean like a great big icy pole before burying it as far down my throat as I could — while he buried his tongue in my sopping wet pussy.

It didn't take much to make him hard again. I knew what I really wanted. "I want to fuck you," I said as I turned around and, holding on to his rigid flagpole, buried it inside me.

He knows what to do. He arched his hips up as I ground my hips back and forth, fucking him at my pace. The feeling is completely different shaven. Never has my pussy been so sensitive. I swear I could feel every square millimetre of Mark's cock moving inside me.

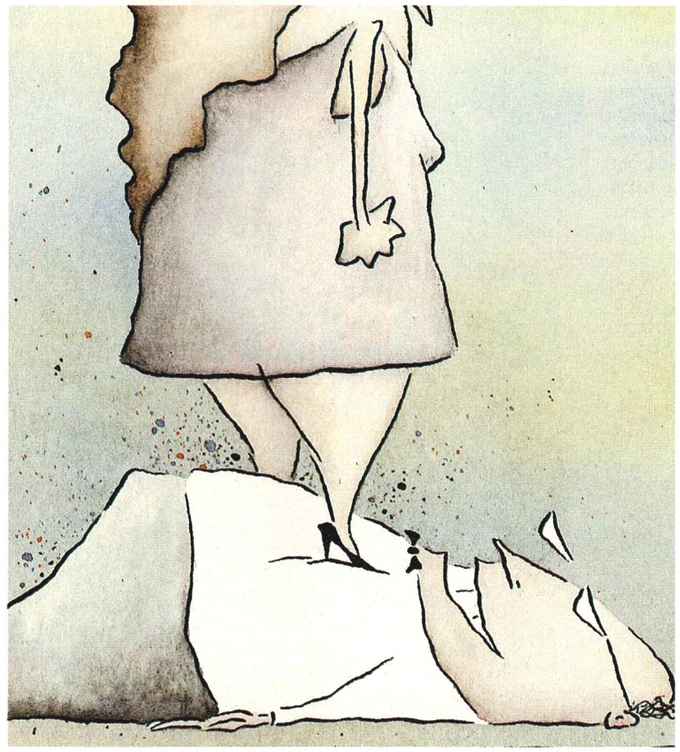
Sue wasn't going to be left out however and covered his empty mouth with her dripping trench.

It was more than I could take. The sight of her, stark naked, knees wide apart, totally exposed as she squatted there, supported by his hands, being eaten out coupled with the feeling of that rock-hard cock trying to pound my pussy into jelly pushed me over the edge.

I clamped my hips down on his cock as I came. Every muscle in my wet pussy tightened and my whole body went into a violent spasm.

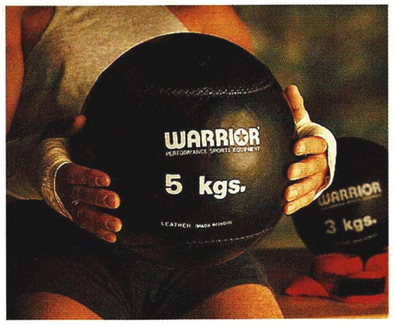
Mark's back arched and it felt like he shot litres each time he spurted causing it to dribble down onto his hips. Sue also came again and Mark had to lift her up to stop drowning.

We all just lay there for a while recovering. Then we had another long shower to clean up. Sue moved in with us and stayed for about six months before heading off to America and in that time we sure had some experiences. — *Name and address withheld*



Claude let feminists walk all over him, so he could look up their dresses.

loose ends

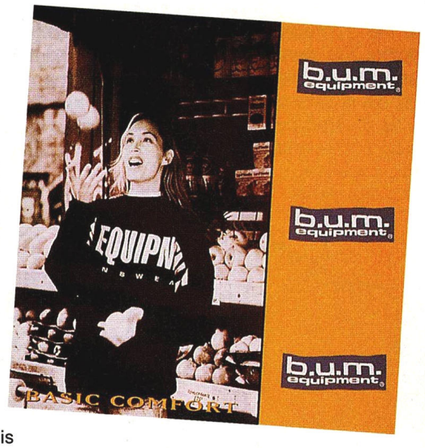


Hitting out

If you're fed up with fancy high-tech workouts on electronic weight machines and computer-controlled steppers, it's time to head back to basics. Few sports can match boxing for muscular strength, fitness and endurance. Traditional boxing training with a session on the heavy bag, a few solid sets of jumping rope, a fast-paced assault on the speed ball and a medicine ball routine for the abdominals is as close to the complete workout as you're gonna get. Boxers' fist wraps cost eight dollars while a three kilogram medicine ball will only set you back $39. All the gear you'll need is available from Martial Arts World on (02) 817 2244.

how sweet it is

The sweet spot is that magical part of the tennis racquet that'll make every groundstroke seem as if you're firing little green cannonballs to your hapless, sprawling opponent. Frequent sweet spot contact is the dream of every tennis player and Prince have found a way to make sweet spot power and control even more accessible. The new Extender range is uniquely designed with a lower throat and main strings which are considerably lengthened as a result. Without increasing the weight or frame size of the racquet, the Extender increases the traditional oversize racquet from 110 square inches to 116 square inches. This basically translates to a sweet spot bigger than Texas. In addition the staggered string pattern offers more power, control and a drop in vibration. The Extender series starts at $300 and is available from major sporting outlets.



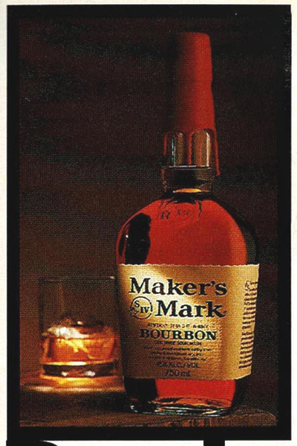
b.u.m. Equipment, the LA-based fashion range, will make its mark in Australia just in time for summer. Having taken the United States by storm outfitting the likes of boxing champ Larry Holmes and ice-hockey legend Wayne Gretzky, b.u.m.'s unique high-quality low-maintenance clothing is becoming highly sought after on streets and playing fields the world over. Based around sweats, tees, denim and outer-wear this gear is everything streetwear should be: relaxed, comfortable and superbly designed. b.u.m. Equipment is available from major fashion outlets across the country.

nothing like a nice

b.u.m.

ellesse is more

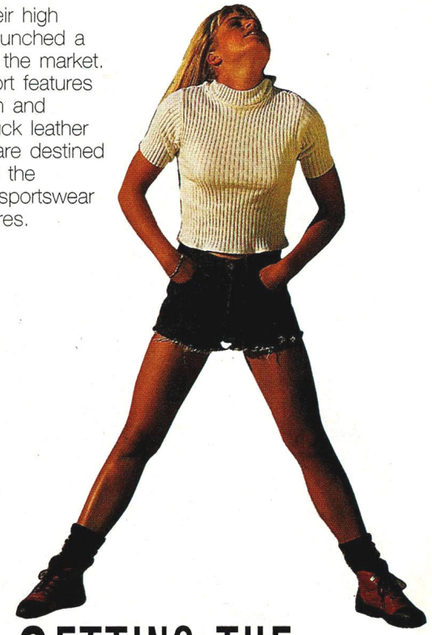
Ellesse watches are a stylish combination of classic design and rugged, dependable performance under the most arduous of circumstances. The superb mechanics of every Ellesse watch is founded on Swiss technology and delivers unparalleled precision. Ellesse Performance watches are water-resistant up to 200 metres and feature a safety-clasp, screw-down crown, a uni-directional bezel, mineral crystal glass and bi-tone, stainless steel or sharkskin straps. The Ellesse range is available in both men's and women's sizes. Prices start as low $165 and the range is available from selected jewellers nationwide and New Zealand. For further information contact Evestar International on (02) 283 1277

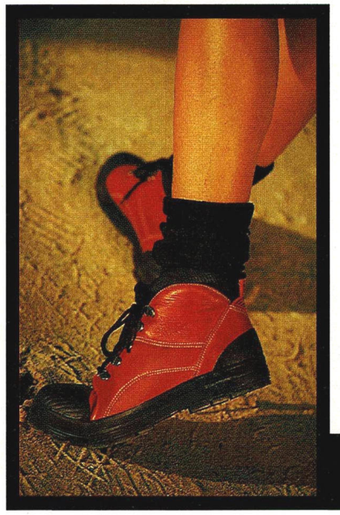


Bourbon of Proof

Brewed by a descendant of gunfighter Jesse James in America's oldest distillery, Maker's Mark is the only bourbon served in the White House. Maker's Mark owes its exceptional smoothness to the use of mild Winter wheat instead of the commonly used rye. With an average daily production of just 38 barrels compared to the industry standard of around 1500, Maker's Mark is 90-percent proof liquid luxury. It's available from good bottle shops for around $48.

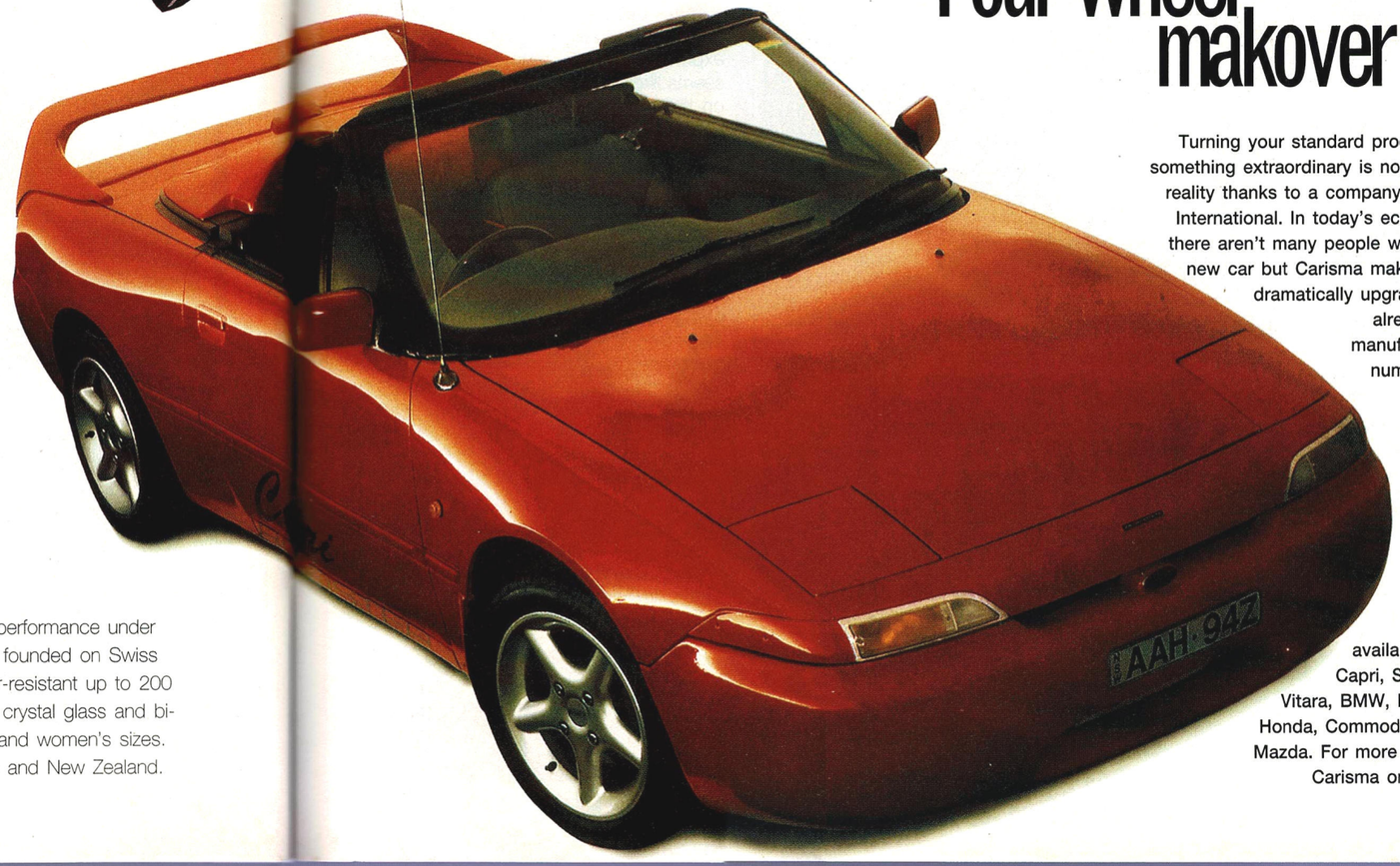
Reebok, best known of course for their high performance sport shoes, have just launched a bold new casual footwear range onto the market. Boks combine street looks and comfort features in working boot-style footwear for men and women. Made of waxy full-grain Nubuck leather and featuring chunky outsoles, Boks are destined to become the street-hot favourites of the Nineties. The entire range of Reebok sportswear is available from all leading sports stores.





GETTING THE boot

Four-wheel makover



Turning your standard production car into something extraordinary is now an affordable reality thanks to a company called Carisma International. In today's economic climate, there aren't many people who can afford a new car but Carisma make it possible to dramatically upgrade the car you already drive. They manufacture and fit a number of roadster kits including front and rear bumpers, new tail lights, roadster covers and a host of optional extras all for around $3000. Kits are available for the Ford Capri, Suzuki Swift and Vitara, BMW, Mercedes, Audi, Honda, Commodore, Falcon and Mazda. For more information call Carisma on (02) 713 4222.

Continued from page 21

aspirated 98kW 2.0-litre four. Then, climbing the performance tree, there's a non-turbo 110 kW 2.3-litre four with balancer shafts, the 24-valve 2.5-litre atmo V6 putting out 125 kW, and the *piece de resistance*, the 136 kW turbo, also with balancer shafts. Saab's pride in the effortless intercooled turbo powertrain is not misplaced. Also blessed with lashings of low and mid-range torque to a peak of 263 Nm, it is wonderfully flexible and enthusiastic.

By comparison, the V6 — a marketing-driven sop to those who twittishly believe all cars should have a minimum of six cylinders — seems a little harsh and noisy, particularly high in the rev range. But it is a very driveable engine. Buyers who choose the V6 ahead of the turbo will have failed the intelligence test.

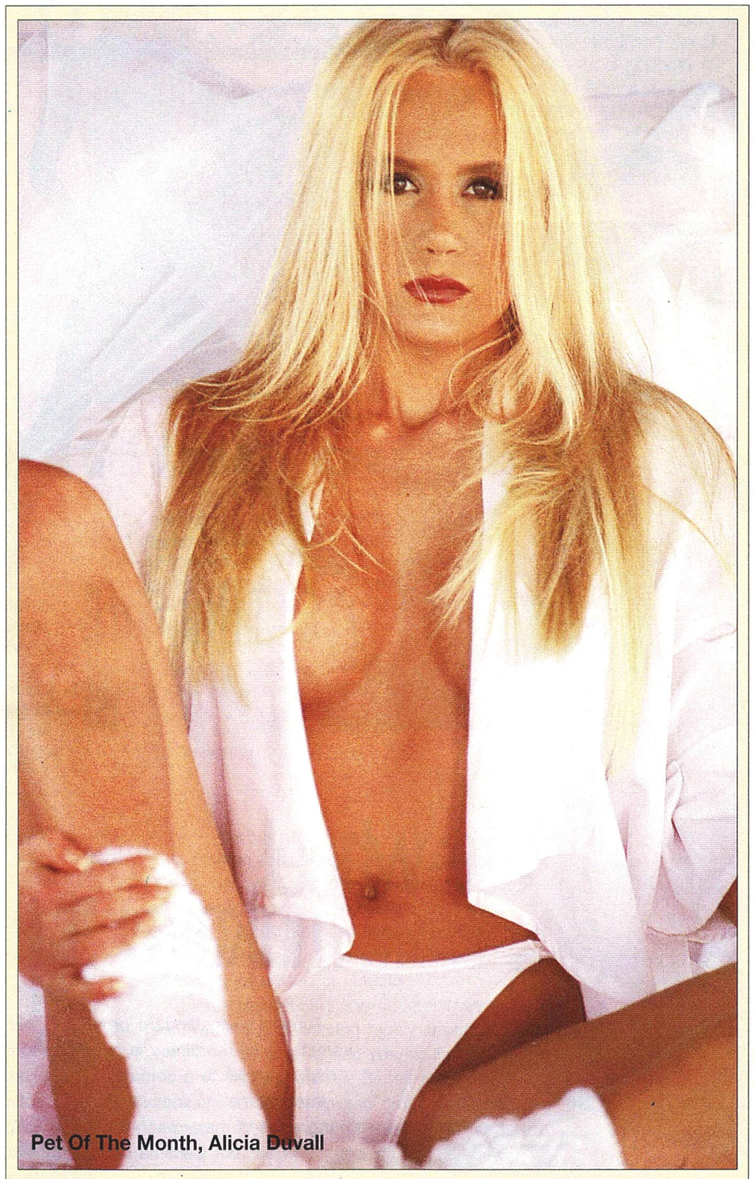
Part of the latest 900 package too are a new line-up of transmissions. As well as a fresh three-mode four-speed automatic and five-speed manual transmissions, there's a new 'box with an automatic clutch called Sensonic.

Local interest in the latest 900 is very high; new models from Saab are rarities. As well, the timing of the new Saab is quite exquisite, coinciding with some helpful international currency shifts which will help its price-competitiveness.

After being clobbered by the better-built, more lavishly-equipped and less expensive Japanese products for what seems like an eternity, at last the boot is on the other foot for the long-suffering European car makers. Not only have most of the European marques lifted their game, offering technically-advanced, splendidly-made and relevant vehicles for the 1990s, but in many cases the price relativity to the Japanese has improved spectacularly.

The European fightback has come at a time when the SuperYen has pushed Japanese vehicles into the category of premium-priced luxuries, while currencies such as the Swedish kroner and English sterling and French franc have turned relatively soft. Suddenly, European brands, except those from Germany where the mark remains robust, are being shopped as alternatives to the increasingly-pricy Japanese imports.

Saab is one European bouncing back after a few years of travelling the rocky road. Historically, there hasn't been a lot of cross-movement between Saab and the Japanese, but now Saab Australia is picking up some customers who've moved away from the likes of Mazda and Toyota in search of value. The worm has turned. — *Peter McKay*



Pet Of The Month, Alicia Duvall

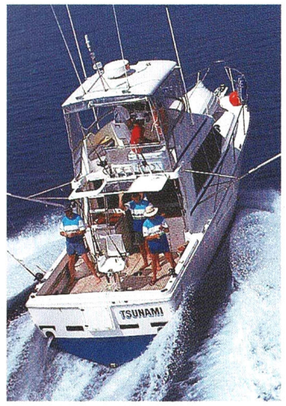
INSIDE JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

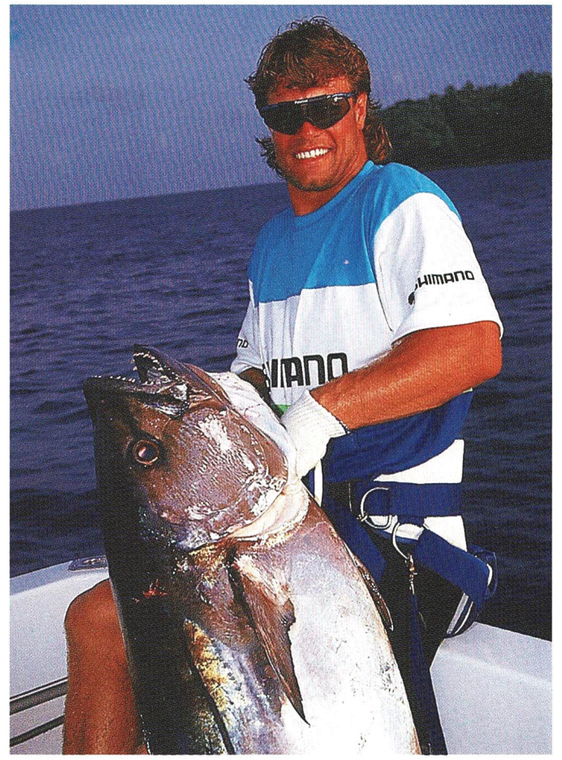
Backpacker murders — Alone and foreign, the thousands of backpackers who flock to Australia every year make easy prey. In next month's *Australian Penthouse* read how scores of our overseas vistiors are abducted, murdered or have simply vanished.

School of hard knocks — January's *Australian Penthouse* visits Hogan's Alley, the mock city where America's FBI agents have to pass their final test before hitting the mean streets of the United States.

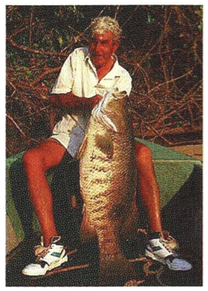
Sacred sex — Next month's *Australian Penthouse* examines the New Age approach to sex where ten or more couples make love an arm's distance away from each other. An orgy? No. It's now called a workshop. And it's happening in Byron Bay.

Pet Of The Month — Alicia Duvall is a 20-year-old Queenslander who now makes her home in Sydney. The beautiful blonde who's planning a career in marine biology makes her stunning *Penthouse* debut in next month's issue.

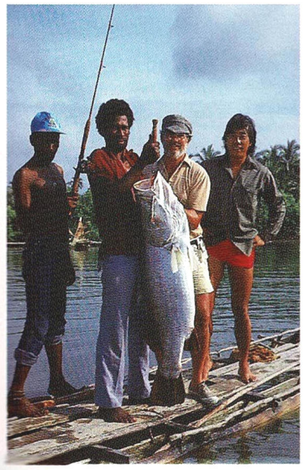




League Star Andrew "ET" Ettingshausen with a P.N.G. dogtooth tuna.



Sportfishing Adventures in Papua New Guinea



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